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THE NEW
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The Week-end Review

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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 33
THE SEDITION BILL NOW 36
THE AMSTERDAM RIOTS 37
A LONDON DIARY 38
THIS ENGLAND 39
REPERCUSSIONS IN AUSTRIA 40
NORMAN BLOOD. By Y. Y. 41
THE NAUGHTY BOY. By A Doctor . . . 42
SPORTING LIFE. By MacFlecknoe . . . 43
CORRESPONDENCE 43
From B. N. Langdon-Davies; K. McFarlane; J. W. Robertson Scott; Naomi Mitchison; Montgomery Butchart; H. R. Watling.
BRAQUE. By Clive Bell 44
CHILDREN'S PLAYS 45
GRAMOPHONE NOTES. By Constant Lambert . 45
PLAYS AND PICTURES 46
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . Page 47
REVIEWS:
Italian Popular Comedy. By K. John . . . 48
Knowledge is a Duty. By Raymond Mortimer . 49
Byron, Shelley and Hogg 50
An Eighteenth-Century Traveller. By G. W. Stonier 51
Old Father Antic 51
New Novels. By E. B. C. Jones 52
Cape Farewell. By V. S. Pritchett . . . 54
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 56
CROSSWORD 58
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 60
EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT (*see separate Index*).
Including articles by G. D. H. Cole, B. A. Howard, W. O. Lester Smith, Commander S. King-Hall, and Sir Ernest Simon.

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

DR. GOEBBEL'S broadcast attack on the foreign press should rank high in the literature of vituperation. He denounced the campaign of lies in which newspapers all over the world had indulged, abused and threatened their correspondents with expulsion, and passed sentence of confiscation on their issues. No doubt he could point to errors in some of the reports as to the fate of this or that victim in Hitler's bloody coup. But for this he and his colleagues have only themselves to blame; they do their level best to hamper journalists in getting at the truth in Germany. The real cause of Goebbel's fury, however, is obviously the hostile judgment which the foreign press has passed, with practical unanimity, on the gangster exploit of June 30th. The list of journals which "turn the stomach" (it is his own phrase) of this paragon of virtue is a long one, and his ban has descended on nearly all the principal English dailies—the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Morning Post* and the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Herald*, the *Express* and the *Mail*—as well as the *Observer* and other Sunday papers.

The Nazis and Ourselves

Though THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been banned in Germany for the last fifteen months, it is apparently still read there. In last week's issue we published an article called "Schleicher's Political Dream." It gave an account of conversations in which General von Schleicher described his hopes of helping to bring about a moderate and decent reconstruction of the German Government. Thousands of patriotic Germans must have cherished, and must still cherish, just such a dream. In the absence of any other evidence of the alleged "plot," Goebbels, the dictator of the German press, has seized upon this article (without, of course, making any reference to our comments on the murders), as a justification for the assassination of Schleicher and his wife and numerous other persons unconnected with him. Those who are interested in the technique of propaganda now in use in Germany can find details in Critic's Diary on page 38 of this issue.

Discontents in Germany

Very soon after these lines are in print we shall presumably have the official version of June 30th. The Reichstag is to meet on Friday—for the first time since last January—and will learn why the Führer did what he did, and also, what everyone has been clamouring to know, how many of his enemies and former friends he slaughtered. It is possible that the Chancellor may not speak himself (he is said to be unwell), in which case

Herr Hess may take his place, as he did last Sunday on the wireless. That was a very forced effort to divert public interest from the rottenness within to the danger without, and it left a great many Germans, and all the outside world, unimpressed. It remains to be seen whether the Führer and his friends will make a better showing on Friday. The difficulties that confront them are not lessening. The evidences of disillusionment are multiplying; the economic pinch is becoming sharper. The shortage of potatoes threatens real hunger; soap and oil and other fats are scarce; visions of queues and ration-cards are clouding the prospects of the Promised Naziland. We hope the unfortunate German public will escape a repetition of the miseries they endured fifteen years ago. But there is no sign of Hitlerism offering any plan of salvation.

The Eastern Locarno

M. Barthou has gone home delighted, we are told, with his visit to London. What has he got from the conversations in Whitehall? Not an Anglo-French alliance, for to that the British Government are happily opposed, nor any undertaking to support a larger system of collective security, to which, unhappily, they are equally or even more opposed. Apart from the discovery that, in M. Barthou's words, "we are in agreement on general questions of the European situation," there seem to have been two definite assurances. The British Government will stand by the Locarno pledges, and, while incurring no new commitments, they will look with a benevolent eye on the Franco-Russian security pact—the "Eastern Locarno." In this *pis aller* France does not propose to take a direct part; the signatories would comprise the U.S.S.R., the Baltic States, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Germany, while a complementary "South Eastern" pact would unite Italy, Jugoslavia, Rumania, Greece and Turkey. One immediate and formidable obstacle to the North-Eastern project is that Poland is cold and Germany colder still about it. And in the background looms another difficulty—that of attaching it organically to the League and linking it with other pacts in the way which the French profess to want. This would involve not only the entry of Russia and the return of Germany to the League, but the risk, which the British Government would run away from, of a more generalised system of guarantees —a backdoor method, in fact, of getting collective security. We are afraid that, despite Sir John Simon's benevolence, M. Barthou has a long row to hoe.

Exit the G.P.U.

The dissolution of the G.P.U. looks like a significant event in the history of Soviet Russia. The decree issued this week sets up a new Commissariat of Internal Affairs—a Home Office, as we should call it, which will take over the main functions of the G.P.U., exercising authority over police and frontier guards, labour camps and settlements, and so on. But this is not all; the judicial powers of the new Commissariat will be more limited than those enjoyed by the collegium of the G.P.U. Hitherto, an accused person could be shot without open trial. Henceforward, though the Commissariat may inflict summary sentences up to five years' imprisonment or banishment, cases involving capital penalties must come before the Supreme Court. It is not true to say, therefore, as some commentators have said, that the change is a change of name only. It will not, of course, rid Russia of the secret police; but it does definitely imply that milder methods are contemplated. The dictatorship, we think, can very well afford this indulgence. There has been a great deal of exaggeration, if not of make-believe, in its fears of "counter-revolution" and sabotage.

Contradictory Economic Policies

In the agricultural debate on Monday Mr. Walter Elliot had a good deal to say of milk and vegetables and fruit and eggs. But he said nothing to allay the widespread discontent caused by the enforced raising of prices where milk is produced and supplied by farmers for a local market; he preferred to dwell on the steps taken to limit imports of condensed milk and to establish a processed milk industry in this country. The course of the subsequent debate showed the tide of criticism rising against Mr. Elliot's measures, and the growing demand for a clear formulation of our economic policy as a whole, so as to bring what the Minister of Agriculture is doing into some discernible relation to the measures projected for industrial development and the revival of exports through commercial treaties. At present Mr. Elliot and Mr. Runciman seem to be pursuing directly conflicting policies; we cannot at the same time refuse to buy other people's goods and expect them to buy more of ours. Nor can we begin to plan the development of home industry until we have some idea by how much, and at what cost, the Government mean to expand agricultural production.

The Livestock Muddle

On Wednesday, the Minister made his eagerly expected statement on the Government's livestock policy. The position hitherto has been extremely unsatisfactory. The meat quotas are costing the British consumers heaven knows how many millions a year; and most of this is going not to the British live stock producers but in paying the importers to send us less goods for more money. A good deal of it is not even helping the Dominion and foreign producers, but going straight into the pockets of the great firms of middlemen, who do not need it. The middleman gets his higher price when he sells; but as he is buying less, he is in a better position than ever for beating down the producer. The absurdity of this position has become evident even to the Government; and efforts have been made to get the Dominions and the Argentine to agree to the substitution for the quota of a levy on all imported meat. The latest news is that the Dominions have refused, standing on their rights under the Ottawa Agreements, and that the Argentine, which has also treaty rights, is equally intransigent. The Government now presents us with two plans—a short-term and a long-term. The first, which is to be put into an emergency Bill and pushed through Parliament before the summer recess, involves the advance of a sum of £3,000,000 to be paid out to fat-cattle producers. But this subsidy, though it may give momentary relief to the farmers, cannot go on. It is to be hoped that, before it lapses (March 31st is the date proposed for its ending), the way will be clear for the long-term policy. That, as outlined by Mr. Eliot, certainly looks better. Its essence is a levy on imports, but the difficulty will be, it is evident, to get over the objections of the Dominions and the Argentine.

New Zealand's New Tariff

The new tariff announced this week in New Zealand makes large reductions in the duties on numerous classes of British goods, including motor vehicles and many light metal products. It greatly increases the amount of the British preferences in many of these cases, and goes in this respect well beyond the requirements of the Ottawa Agreement. Generally speaking, duties on foreign goods are left unchanged; but it is said to be New Zealand's intention to try to negotiate with a number of foreign countries special trade agreements, under which New Zealand will be prepared to reduce duties on their goods in return for reciprocal concessions in respect of her own agricultural exports. The extent of the preferences now to be given to British goods will allow some scope for this sort of bargaining. For the present British exporters should benefit substantially from New Zealand's concessions; but it seems relevant to point out that the total effect of the Ottawa Agreements has been so far a large increase in the proportion of British imports coming from Empire sources without any corresponding increase in the proportion of Dominion imports coming from Great Britain.

Labour Policy

The preliminary agenda for the Trades Union Congress has just been issued. This year the Congress will be held in Dorset, and will be accompanied by special centenary celebrations of the Tolpuddle Martyrs, in whose honour the T.U.C. has produced a handsome commemorative volume. The agenda now issued contains no thrills; but this may be because the General Council's own resolutions are not included, but will appear in a later draft. Among them will presumably be the much-discussed restatement, in conjunction with the Labour Party, of Labour's international policy, embodying the rejection of the General Strike against war, and declaring in favour of some form of pooled security and of an international police force. Among the resolutions from affiliated Trade Unions, the most important is one from the Transport and General Workers' Union, which calls attention to the disastrous effects of the uncontrolled closing down of works in order to centralise or restrict production, without any provision for building up new industries in place of those which are shut down. The resolution calls for the assumption of powers to control such actions, and for the establishment of a Survey Board to help towards the planned development of industry under parliamentary control. With the Labour Party Conference at Southport only a few months ahead, the whole question of the policy which Labour is to put before the country at the next election becomes of first-class public interest. Three further "policy" pamphlets have now been issued from Transport House for submission to the Conference. They deal with *Labour and Education, Fair Rents and No Profiteering*, and *Up with the Houses! Down with the Slums.*

Sunday Games

Eppur si muove! The London County Council has decided to allow games in the parks on Sundays—or, to be precise, organised games, for ordinary knockabouts or kick abouts have not been banned, but only league or competition matches. Even now it is not proposed that professional contests shall be played, nor will there be any "gates." There does not seem to us anything unreasonable or immoral about this extension of an amenity. But it was only carried by a majority of one—54 votes to 53. The minority included four Labour members. One speaker voiced the opposition, he said, of the churches and of the Bishops of London and Stepney. He spoke as a Sabbatarian and as one who believed that "more moral backbone and more of the Puritanical spirit" was necessary. We can respect this attitude, though we disagree with it. What we cannot understand is the attitude of those who themselves play their round of golf on Sunday, but want to prevent others from playing a cricket or football match. And the argument, which was advanced by the leader of the Opposition, that organised matches will mean more people watching who would otherwise be playing themselves, is too thin to be taken seriously. But perhaps if the decision had been a little less cautious (only 150 pitches are to be allowed for Sunday games—half the number available on week days) there would be more players and fewer spectators.

Professor Laski's Pestilential Opinions

Why is it particularly wicked for an English professor who is also a Socialist to defend democratic government and to attack Communism in Moscow? We gather that it must be from some libellous remarks in the *Daily Telegraph* and some ignorant questions in the House of Commons. Mr. Laski spoke on "representative government" in the Institute of Soviet Law and repeated in a lecture, fully reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, the thesis that he has expounded in his book, *Democracy in Crisis*. His opinions are in any case well known. He argues that great social changes must come and that, if "the gentlemen of England" (the phrase seems to have given offence) show the spirit of compromise and common sense which English traditions entitle one to expect, we may hope, though we cannot be sure, that democratic institutions will weather the storm in this country. In explaining the dangers ahead and urging a rational solution of them, Mr. Laski naturally provoked vehement criticism from his Communist audience. It is a welcome sign of improved mentality in Russia that these lectures could be publicly given in Moscow. Why they should also rouse some English Conservatives to fury we do not know—unless these critics were deceived by reports which attributed to Mr. Laski the opinions that he only stated in order to controvert. The matter would not be important had Mr. Laski's critics confined themselves to expressing their disapproval of his opinions. But when they drag in the Government grant to London University and suggest that a Professor is not entitled to express his personal views outside the University, they are raising in a very dangerous form the whole issue of academic freedom.

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THE SEDITION BILL NOW

The Government's handling of the Sedition Bill reminds one of the traditional horse-dealer or of the French asking for more security. Place your demands sufficiently high, and you can graciously make numerous concessions and still get all you want. Now that the Committee stage of the Bill is completed, let us see just what the Government's concessions amount to and what of substance is left intact. By inserting the words "maliciously and advisedly" in Section 1 and changing "without lawful excuse" to "without intent to commit, or to aid, abet, command or procure" in section 2 (1) the Attorney-General has admitted that a man should not go to prison for a crime that he did not intend to commit and that he should not be imprisoned for the possession of documents which might have come to him by accident or which he kept on his library shelves without thought of distribution. In brief, the Government agrees that you should not be punished unless you have at least thought of doing something punishable! You should not go to prison if you are entirely innocent.

Next, since the deletion of clause 2 (2) you are no longer liable to go to prison for doing something that some magistrate might regard as preparatory to committing an offence. You cannot actually be put in gaol, as the Attorney-General admitted that you could be under the original draft of the Bill, for being a Communist and buying a ticket to Aldershot. Further, under Section 3 (1) the Government has agreed that you are entitled to such security as trial by jury may give you. The restoration of this somewhat elementary right is important; it ensures a certain publicity and makes impossible mere routine and summary convictions of political opponents. Finally, Section 2 (3) is the General Warrant clause. Ever since Lord Camden's famous judgment in the days of Wilkes, it has been regarded as fundamental to our liberty that the police have not the right to search among the papers of anyone who is suspected in the hope of finding documents which might prove incriminating. The extent of the Government's concession on this clause is to agree that two magistrates instead of one should be required to sign the warrant and that an officer not below the rank of inspector (not a common or garden P.C.) should be required to execute the warrant. The Government presumably feels it a safe bet that at any time of stress it will always be possible to find at least two magistrates in a properly patriotic state of mind.

What is left after these concessions? The substance of the Bill. It remains true that under its provisions a member of the Society of Friends or other man or woman bold enough to say that Christian pacifism was meant to apply to times of war (which is the one time when it really means anything) is liable to have his house or business premises submitted to an indiscriminate search; he may be sent to prison for four months if he is found in possession of pacifist literature that is intended for distribution in places where soldiers, sailors or territorials would be likely to see it. It remains true, again, to take an example which might easily occur, that a publisher of a book or newspaper which urged that troops ought not to be called upon to fire upon strikers will be guilty if it can be shown (as it usually could be) that his book or newspaper would be distributed in places where it was likely to fall into the hands of some member of H.M. forces. Thus even in quiet times the Bill, if it becomes law, is likely to exercise a disguised censorship over publications which not even the Attorney-General would think of calling seditious. Since most pacifist and Socialist literature might be held by an excited jury to be calculated to sow the seeds of doubt in the minds of a soldier or sailor, publishers will be constantly harassed by the fear that even mild and general utterances may possibly at some time be used by someone less cautious than themselves and so involve them in a charge of inciting soldiers or sailors to disaffection. It is a mistake to imagine that this Bill is only dangerous because it puts a new weapon into the hands of the Government for the destruction of liberty in time of crisis. One of its most serious aspects is that it must implant a vague fear in the minds of loyal and peaceful citizens who wish in ordinary times to exercise their right of free speech.

There is still some hope that the Bill will be allowed to lapse. For the House of Commons must by this time have discovered that it has been grossly deceived about its nature and scope. It has been a convention of the British Constitution that the law officers of the Crown, though loyal to the Government they serve, have also a special duty as experts to preserve complete impartiality in explaining to the House of Commons the legal technicalities of any measure they are supporting. This convention is essential to parliamentary government. It is impossible to maintain that this convention has been observed by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General in introducing this Bill. In Committee they have shown an obvious distaste for their job and we may reasonably assume that their misrepresentations of its nature were the result of an inadequate understanding of the case for which they were briefed. A "service" Bill has apparently been foisted on to these legal officers, and we suspect on to a section at least of the Cabinet—a section which undoubtedly includes the Prime Minister, whose past utterances would long ago have landed him into gaol if this Bill had been law during the war. But whatever the explanation, the fact remains that the House of Commons has been deceived by the assurances of the Attorney-General that the Bill was a "procedure Bill, rather than in any way altering the substance of our law." When the Bill received its second reading on the basis of such assurances, it contained the sub-section which made it an offence to attempt to do any act preparatory to an offence. This, the Attorney-General stated, was identical with a section of the Official Secrets Act which the Liberals had themselves introduced. But in fact the Official Secrets Act provides no parallel. The relevant words of the Official Secrets Act were ". . . or aids or abets and does any act preparatory." The act preparatory was in this wording not an offence in itself but a limitation upon aiding and abetting. You only committed an offence if you aided or abetted and "committed an act preparatory to committing an offence"; to commit a preparatory act was not in itself an offence. In the present Bill the word "or" is substituted for the word "and." Thus, by a change which was not detected on second reading, a new offence was created and sanctioned by a House which had been lulled into security by the assurance that no new offence was being created. In exactly the same way the first section of the Bill substitutes "duty or allegiance" for "duty and allegiance," which is the wording of the Mutiny Act which the Attorney-General claimed merely to be "re-enacting." The change is not a trivial one. Under the Mutiny Act, the offence was the major one of persuading a soldier to give up his duty and allegiance, i.e., to mutiny; under the present Bill it is an offence to persuade a soldier to be half an hour late on leave. Finally, the House has been deceived by the Attorney-General's reiterated claim that the right of search clause merely repeats the provisions of existing legislation. "This clause," he said, in the second reading debate, "is not an illustration of the General Warrant. It may be found in other Acts of Parliament of which I have a long list." He again cited in particular the Official Secrets Acts of 1911 and 1920. The analogy is both superficial and misleading. There are grave differences, because under the vague definitions of the present Sedition Bill it is far easier to show "reasonable grounds for suspecting that an offence has been committed" than it was under the more precise provisions of the Official Secrets Acts. In any case did the House realise that it was being asked to accept as precedents for an attack upon the liberties of the ordinary British subject special provisions which were introduced for use against foreign spies and their informants?

We have entered into these legal details because we are convinced that there are numerous well-intentioned and freedom-loving adherents of the Government who have quite innocently acquiesced in a Bill which is in its actual provisions, whatever its intentions, very far from innocent. It strikes, as so conservative and eminent a lawyer as Sir William Holdsworth has pointed out, at the roots of the liberties which our ancestors so hardly won in the seventeenth century. We do not believe that the rank and file of Conservative members desire to destroy freedom of speech; they should be aware that in so doing the Government is removing the principal safeguard we have against violence and revolution—the knowledge that it is lawful, as Mr. Justice Talbot reminded the police last week, to speak freely and to propagate even subversive opinions as long as they are not "directed to an illegal act."

THE AMSTERDAM RIOTS

[From a Correspondent]

During the last few days the English press has carried sensational news from Holland of street-fighting, tanks and machine guns in action in the working-class districts of Amsterdam, and police orders to shoot at sight. But from these reports it is difficult to obtain any idea of why and how the present situation arose, other than that it is vaguely connected with cuts in the unemployment relief.

The average Englishman's picture of Holland is of a flat and peaceful country given to placid agricultural pursuits, bulb-growing and cheese-making, unworried by the political strife that troubles other and larger lands.

This stereotype has been rudely shattered. Amsterdam joins Vienna and San Francisco on the front page as centres of the bitterest class struggle. For the crisis has struck at Holland with heavy blows. Dutch agriculture is rapidly going bankrupt. Industrial activity has been steadily declining since 1929 and sharply declining since 1931. To-day there are 45,000 unemployed in Amsterdam, and more than 40,000 in Rotterdam. The crisis developed relatively late, but for that reason with the greater speed. The percentage of engineering workers unemployed rose between 1930 and 1932 from 6.2 to 40.6. Similar figures for the mining industry are 0.4 to 36.6. For textiles they are 9.2 to 27.3, and for the building trades 13.7 to 41.6.

In such conditions, unemployment relief is the indispensable premium against social unrest. But a point is reached where the price is thought to be too high. The Colijn Government decided to carry through considerable reductions in the benefits.

The trouble began last week on the day that the new rates came into force. Unemployed workers knew for the first time how they individually would be affected by these rates on the day that they handed in their books at the exchanges and received them back over the counter marked with the new figure. The reductions were startling. One unemployment benefit book that was shown to me by a worker in the Jordaan district had the following figures: man, wife and five children, old rate 14.00 guilders plus 5.00 guilders rent paid direct to the landlord; new rate, 8.50 guilders and rent paid as before. Rent apart, this family is now asked to live on a little under two shillings a week per head. Another book which I also examined myself showed (again leaving out rent) a reduction from 14.75 guilders to 6.50. These were probably unusually bad cases, but as the realisation of what the cuts would mean spread through the workers' districts, spontaneous meetings of protest sprang up in a hundred places.

The Government were certainly taken by surprise at the volume and vehemence of the protest. Police patrols sent to disperse the crowds were received with volleys of stones. The authorities then decided to overawe the opposition by a spectacular demonstration of military force. Bluejackets were landed in the harbour. Steel-helmeted troops were rushed to Amsterdam. The regular police, reinforced by special military police and by mounted *maréchaussée* guards, were told to use their revolvers. Armoured cars began to push down the narrow streets of the Jordaan. The workers replied by breaking up the cobble-stoned roads and throwing up low barricades that effectively hindered the use of motor-vehicles, and by systematically smashing the electric light bulbs. At the end of a long night's street-fighting the Jordaaners remained masters of the ground. Only in the morning were the armed forces able to penetrate the district.

That morning I walked through the Jordaan. Only once before have I had a comparable experience. That was in New York's Harlem district after the death verdicts in the Scottsboro' retrial had been announced. Here one could feel the same tense atmosphere. The whole population was out on the streets. Groups of police were everywhere, revolvers in hand. Military patrols with fixed bayonets guarded many of the intersections. But heartening news was circulating from group to group of the men and women that filled every doorway. The dock-workers in the Houthaven and the Minervahaven had come out on a twenty-four hour protest strike. The building workers were also out. Barricades were up in the Spaarndammerbuurt, the Eilanden, the Staatsliedenbuurt. Soldiers in Amersfoort had refused to entrain for service in Amsterdam. Two score Amsterdam police were in jail for refusing to obey orders. The protest movement was spreading to other towns. Workers were demonstrating in Rotterdam, The Hague, Hilversum, all over the country.

By midday sporadic fighting in the narrow streets had started again. Intermittently I could hear the sound of rifles and revolvers popping. The calmness of the workers under the strain of a forty-eight hour military occupation was remarkable. The following incident, that happened in the Tuinstraat, is typical. As I approached from a side-street, I saw an armoured car crawl by the cross-roads. By the time I reached the intersection the armoured car was twenty yards past the corner. There it stopped. At the intersection itself.

young workers had already skipped out of the houses and in great haste, under the guns of a military patrol advancing up the Tuinstraat from some hundred yards away, were rebuilding a barricade out of stones prised loose from the pavement. Immediately behind them another worker was busy with a pot of red paint and a brush writing "Long Live Soviet Holland" on the roadway. The soldiers were coming steadily nearer, and firing had started again in the next street. Suddenly an alarm was given, and a worker gripped my arm, dragging me into the shelter of an open doorway. Five of us crowded in there, the last being the man with the paint-pot who had delayed long enough to sketch in a huge sickle and hammer under the slogan. For the next five minutes we stood there quietly inside. One man offered me a cigarette, and I noticed both our hands shaking slightly as I gave him a light. The three children in the kitchen had already accustomed themselves to these novel conditions and were asking their mother—"Is there going to be any more shooting?" and "Can we go out again now and play?"

Though the protest of the Dutch workers against the monstrous reductions in unemployment benefits was in origin a spontaneous movement, its leadership has been from the outset in the hands of the Communists. As a result serious measures have been taken against their Party by the government. The Communist daily newspaper *De Tribune*, is forbidden, its premises are occupied, and its presses have been dismantled. The party itself is expecting hourly to be outlawed, and I understand that its preparations for continuing its activities illegally are complete. But the hope of getting the cuts restored, or lessened, by any form of agitation or united action (the project of a general strike has been canvassed) appears very slight.

A LONDON DIARY

THE technique of patriotic falsification has been perfectly illustrated by this week-end's manipulation of the article on Schleicher in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. While the *Berliner Tageblatt* and the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* merely published the summary sent by the German News Agency, the *Völkischer Beobachter* (chief Nazi organ) was content to add nothing but the heading "English periodical reveals Schleicher's relations with foreign statesmen." The *Börsen Zeitung*, which professes to be a serious paper, broke off the Agency's summary with Schleicher's desire to introduce Socialism after a short period of army rule, *i.e.*, before any mention of French connections, and continued:

> This announcement from the well-known English weekly, rounds off the story of the treasonable activities of Schleicher and his set . . . and clearly shows the absolute justification of the fate which overtook Schleicher and his fellow-conspirators.

But it was the *Nachtansgabe*, a popular evening paper, which really let itself go. On Saturday it published the Agency message under the heading "What Schleicher wished to achieve through the mutiny"; it then proceeded to announce that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION'S publication about the mutiny of June 30th went further than the United Press message about the implication of France! Later in a leading article entitled "Clarity," the *Nachtansgabe* said:

> It is as if we had been put back into the period of the worst internationalism—whose gentlemanly crimes were in fact high treason—when we learn not only through the United Press but also through the London weekly, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of these associations . . . and when, at the same time, it is stated that knowledge of the Schleicher conspiracy against our Leader caused France to make no concessions to Germany in the armaments question since it was believed that the days of the Hitler regime were numbered.

It should be remembered that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has been forbidden in Germany since March, 1933, probably because it published the phrase "the ruse of burning the Reichstag." Needless to say, the leading article of July 7th ("The Hitler Purge") was ignored as completely as significance of the article on Schleicher was distorted.

I have not noticed any mention in the English press of the striking fact that Goebbel's first press accounts of the murders said nothing of a plot: they simply announced that certain disaffected persons had been put away. The story of the plot grew with each fresh manifestation of foreign disgust. It is typical of the psychological obliquity of the Nazis that they assumed, both in official and in unofficial circles, that British and other foreign opinion would welcome these murders as a cleaning-up of the regime, and that the foreign aid, that Hitler must have if he is to survive at all, would be quickly forthcoming. I do not myself see Hitler getting a loan from anyone, but there are rumours of an arrangement of credits from this country for the import of raw materials. The rumours may be true, for I am told that some such arrangement was understood when the Schacht agreement was reached, and I know well that finance-capital minds little about civilisation or murder and is afraid of losing all remaining assets in Germany. From the world's point of view any regime in Germany would be better than Hitler's. A friend of mine who was in Germany just after the shooting had an interview with the wife of one of the murdered men. Her husband had been away, and she had known nothing of his arrest. She was rung up by the authorities and informed that her husband had been "court-martialled and executed that morning, but that she need not fear for her financial future, which would be provided for."

* * *

I read with astonishment in the Sunday papers about Dorothy Round breaking down, sobbing, and being supported off the court by her defeated rival, Helen Jacobs. I was astonished because, from an excellent seat in the press box, I saw nothing of this. My own impression was that Miss Round was a singularly self-possessed young woman, and that she had no need of any support from Miss Jacobs as they walked off the court together. Of course, I may have been wrong—though I see that I have her mother's testimony on my side. Now Mrs. Round, who was sitting close by, did really look almost as excited as one would expect in the circumstances. The question throughout the match seemed to me to be whether Miss Round could continue through three sets to get in those perfectly accurate fore and back-hand drives down the side lines. Miss Jacobs's chop shot needs only half the energy, and it looked for a time in the second set as if she would wear Miss Round down. But she did not, and that was that. On the whole, I'm driven to the conclusion that this story about the sobbing and the rest of it is common form; that it is considered *à la mode* for a woman tennis champion to break down under the strain of winning the world's championship and that, therefore, Miss Round, in order to qualify in human interest as England's wonderful girl victor, just *had* to break down, whether she did in fact break down or not.

* * *

I do not suggest that Corporal Trim's favourite poem was *The Rape of the Lock*, or that Uncle Tom Cobbley discussed the comparative merits of Reynolds and Gainsborough; but since that disintegrating earthquake, the Industrial Revolution, the great gulf fixed between the mass of the people and the best artists of the time has been continually widening. Attempts to bridge it are always being made, ranging from futile art-and-craftiness to the wiser programmes of the B.B.C. and excellent posters like those used by Shell-Mex and the Underground. Recently we had the curious spectacle of a Church pageant written by Mr. T. S. Eliot, but Church pageants are not exactly proletarian entertainments. The pageant which is to be given in the Surrey village of Abinger on the 14th and 18th of this month is a more genuinely popular affair, because it is entirely the production of people on the spot, mostly farmers and cottagers. Among them happen to be two of our most distinguished artists, Dr. Vaughan Williams and Mr. E. M. Forster, who have written the music and the narration. I have been looking at the text, which is ingeniously devised to show the permanence till now of village life. King John and Stephen Langton and Rousseau pass across the scene, but the heroes of the pageant are the shepherd, the woodman, the blacksmith and the trees. A mediaeval scene contains a simple and moving recital of the names of the fields, fields still the sustenance of some of the actors:

> The nine acres, the ten acres, the thirteen acres, the old twenty acres, Shoulder of Mutton field, Hogs Ham, Hellicon Ham, Roundabouts and Upper Chalks, Frogberry Lane, Stane Street and Friday Street, Hackhurst, the Raysin, the Dial, the Tolt, Canterbury Field, Great Spleck, Fillebar, Middle Maggots, the Dolly and Shaw in Dolly, Rainbow Field, Crooked Shy Field, Samsatchull, Trumpets, Great Slaughter Field, Angry Field, Ellix and Volvens.

The pylons of the grid may stride across these fields, and tractors replace horses for ploughing and reaping, but as Mr. Forster writes, "though the trees alter, the wood remains." Chaotic industry has made large sections of the Midlands and North of England first an inferno and then a desert. One can imagine new towns arising there, places worthy of human beings, and round them the Black Country becoming green again. This appears a dream, but is it so much more improbable than the actual nightmare?

* * *

Since R. L. Stevenson wrote his memorable description of the prospect over the Vale of Aylesbury from the Chiltern ridges it has ranked among the more famous, as it is certainly among the most beautiful, views in the south of England. Whiteleaf Cross mates it with history. Across its foreground meanders Schnield Way, still unspoiled. From it on a clear day you can see in the great field below hut-circles that mark a prehistoric settlement. Near by, in the woods behind it, are Grim's Dike and John Hampden's house. As for the Cross itself, it is one of the most intriguing puzzles of archaeology, for it is certainly pre-Christian and of the Bronze Age, a relic of the same culture that cut the Giant of Corrie Abbas, on the hillside for the celebration of its fertility rites. And now from a letter in Tuesday's *Times* over the signatures of a group of neighbours that includes John Nash, Clare Leighton, Admiral Richmond and Dr. Vaughan, of Rugby; I discover that this landscape is threatened by the builder, who proposes to blot out at once Roman road, neolithic circles and the rural foreground. It is maddening that ransom must be paid to such vandals, but there is no other way of saving the fields. Subscriptions to raise the £3,000 needed to acquire them for the National Trust should be sent without delay to Lloyd's Bank, Princes Risborough, payable to it and crossed Whiteleaf Cross Account.

* * *

I went to the opening of the imposingly modern Isokon flats in Lawn Road, Hampstead, designed by Wells Coates and Jack Pritchard. Here people without families are offered perfect comfort in a most convenient and economical form. Each flat consists of one good-sized room with a bed and table, a kitchen no bigger than a small yacht's, fitted with electric stove and ice-box, a dressing room scarcely bigger than the interior of a compactum cupboard, and as well fitted up, a good bathroom and shower. This, with service, heating, and hot water costs under a hundred a year. Meals can be sent up from the kitchen on heated conveyors. At the ends of the building are excellent little two-room flats and studios with sliding doors of birch plywood. Externally the fashionably modern building is distinguished by the solid concrete balustrades to the passages which run the length of the frontage. Isokon flats are a model for the future; they are the kind of home in which everyone should have the chance of living in the decent society that should come. They are perfect habitations for writers: I should be very industrious if I were one of the human bees fitted with such a perfect, soundproof cell.

* * *

One of the Berlin comments on the recent murders is that Ernst was killed because his name was not Ernst, but Ernestine.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5s. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. R. Lawrence.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

When the new baths open at Brighton this week there will probably be many sights to see, but nothing compared to what can be seen in my window any day of the week. Take a look this week-end, save money and be satisfied. CHAS. COLBOURNE, Family Butcher.—Advert in *Sussex County Herald*.

Business is the highest form of citizenship and advertising is the highest form of business.—Sir Ernest Benn in the *Chemical Age*.

SUMMER EVENING WITH A RIFLE. STALKING THE HUMBLE RABBIT.

There can be few better training grounds for the sportsman aspiring to bigger beasts: a knowledge of the sound of a bullet hitting meat is worth a lot; and even young soldiers can learn much from this game of hide-and-seek.—Hon. James Best, O.B.E., in the *Field*.

The most Bohemian couple I know are — and —, his clever little artist wife. For over a year now they have lived in a caravan, travelling nearly 2,000 miles over the country-side, sometimes with circuses. . . . They take their own servant and two cars around with them, and are at present debating how much or how little they will take to South Africa, which they intend to visit in the autumn.

As for stockings, these are woven and coloured to resemble skin, and the girls who still prefer bare legs are coating their limbs with a beauty preparation that has the same effect.—*Daily Herald*.

One of London's most typical young-marrieds — has exactly the fair good looks that only England can produce, which is as it should be, since her family belong to that most uninvaded of counties, Worcestershire. Her mother, as a matter of fact, is American. . . .
—The *Bystander*.

H.M. Government will be bound to take into consideration the native view and the white view, and, in doing so, the Rt. Hon. Gentleman (Col. Wedgewood) must trust H.M. Government to do, as it always does, the right thing.—Mr. J. H. Thomas, in the House of Commons.

We have done without dancing in the village in the past and we can do without it in the future. It is a foreign element and I object to these foreign elements being introduced into our village life at the expense of Welsh culture. There is plenty for the young people of the village to do without introducing dancing; there is a Young Men's Society, various church meetings and night schools.—Reported speech in *Border Counties Advertiser*.

Should women cricketers wear stockings? According to the rules of the Women's Cricket Association, they should wear white ones, but there was a difference of opinion among the players in the Lancashire *v.* Yorkshire Women's "Battle of the Roses" at Leeds on Saturday. For three-quarters of an hour the game was held up while the situation was discussed. . . . At last a start was made, but after a few minutes members of both sides returned to the pavilion and removed their stockings.—*News-Chronicle*.

"Resurrection" is to be renamed "We Live Again" for the convenience of those who do not understand long words.—*Evening Standard*.

Ex-King Ferdinand of Bulgaria aboard the British destroyer Windsor at Pembroke yesterday. He and his niece, Princess Victoria, were members of the Royal Congress of Ornithologists which has been meeting at Oxford and which went yesterday to visit bird sanctuaries off the Welsh coast. Two destroyers were lent for the purpose.—*Daily Telegraph*.

His field was rather interesting. There was a leg slip, forward short-leg—perhaps best described as silly mid-on—and between these men two more short legs set a little deeper than their colleagues. There was a deep square leg and a mid-on, one slip rather wide, mid-off and extra pumps, two fire escapes, and an 85ft. water cover. Verity's first over was a maiden.—*Star*.

REPERCUSSIONS IN AUSTRIA

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN VIENNA.]

"THERE is a revolution in Germany, Röhm is arrested, Schleicher has been shot and they are mobbing Göring," announced a representative of the Austrian Government with ill-concealed delight, after he had kept me waiting for an hour while the news came in from Berlin last Saturday. For Dollfuss the news was in the nature of a reprieve, for this is a blow to the Austrian Nazis which even they can scarcely ignore. The mentality of the National Socialists in Austria is indeed extraordinary. Though it cannot be doubted that they scored, both numerically and morally, from the battles of February, their fanatical confidence is not to be measured in terms of this kind. "Why is it," I was plaintively asked by a Nazi the other day, "that the English, who sympathised with the Greeks when they revolted against the Turks, will not understand our *Freiheitskampf?*" Hitherto the leaders have been able to repudiate, as Dollfuss propaganda, every whisper that all is not well with Hitlerism. Members of the party are forbidden to read the newspapers; they believe, therefore, that the Third Reich is Eden, and week after week they are content to hear that next week they will win. They scarcely hear of the Government's threats, nor that these threats have been taking effect in rigorous sentences; what's in five years or ten, moreover, if the Nazis win next week? An unruly Nazi, who glanced at the papers after Stra, and asked his leaders whether Hitler had not forsaken Austria, was sharply reproved; Hitler dictated terms to Mussolini, they announced, and Dollfuss—if indeed he lasts so long—will be told at Riccione to make way for the Nazi-friendly Rintelen. Already they point out, the Italian Minister, Preziosi and his press attaché, Morreali, who were anti-German and close to the Heimwehr, are rumoured to have been withdrawn.

Behind the scenes, however, many Nazi intellectuals have been growing gloomy for some time. While insisting that explosions, etc., have been arranged so as not to endanger life, they deplore, as bad tactics, the terrorism which Munich commands. They profess to welcome the consolidation of Hitler's power, but the significance of his new blood-bath cannot be mistaken. Among the rank and file of the Austrian Nazis, the influence of the quasi-communist Otto Strasser is considerable, and, as a whole, they were associated with the Munich extremists and Röhm; the Austrian legionaries (there are about 3,000 of them) in Germany are now being disbanded and sent north. Thus, the Nazis in Austria are threatened with confusion. If Hitler has gone to the Right, and if he is able to patch up a peace with the Catholics, he may later come to terms with Dollfuss too. But even this may not bring the Austrian Nazis what they invariably demand for a start, half the seats in the Austrian Cabinet.

The Dollfuss regime is hated by everyone. It earns little but unconcealed derision and abuse so openly and freely expressed as to confound those who are accustomed to frightened whispering in Nazi Germany. There is no particular reason why Dollfuss should survive, and yet he is sufficiently lucky and sufficiently tricky—*schlau* is the adjective universally applied to him—for it to be perfectly possible that he will succeed for some time in doing so. If he felt apprehensive at the time of Stra, he has since been reassured by the Italian press which, *inter alia*, has categorically declared that Dollfuss procured Mussolini's concession to the Austrians in the Trentino, not, as the Nazis claimed, Hitler.

If the longevity of the Dollfuss dictatorship could be measured by Austria's economic health, the answer would still be uncertain. The Austrian schilling is strong and the bank-rate has just been lowered, but increasing exports have been recently hindered by the devaluation of the Czech crown, and still more by the real fall in the mark which also facilitates German dumping. Tourist traffic looks bad up to date, though the Salzburg Festival booking is better than last year. Industry is providing more work, but again an event like the bank merger (when the Credit Anstalt absorbed the Wiener Bank Verein and the Escompte Gesselschaft) means the dismissal of several hundred clerks. "So many more Nazis, I suppose?" I asked a friend. "Well, I don't know," was the answer, "for as far as possible they have chosen Jews to dismiss." The Government would probably welcome a new foreign loan, but with the skilful backing of the great financier, Berliner, the Jewish director of the *Phönix* Insurance, it can well survive a *non possumus* from abroad.

The Government has undoubtedly been guilty of fiscal tactlessness. In Vienna, for instance, whose administration is now closely related to the Federal Government, Burgermaster Schmitz has put irritating taxes on water and rubbish clearance, taxes which the wicked Reds never levied. While aristocratic mansions are being fiscally relieved, the *Gemeindehäuser* rents are to go up. There has also been a tendency for wages to go down since the Socialist Trade Unions were suppressed. And yet this Government is far less uncompromisingly reactionary than most people expected. *Heimwehr, i.e.,* out-and-out fascist, influence has dwindled to nothing; Fey and Stahrenberg have little to say, and Steidle is being sent as consul to Trieste to superintend Austria's new privileges there. Even in Innsbruck the Heimwehr seems finished. Workers' rights survive on paper, or rather as Catholic workers' rights in the *Einheitgewerkschaftsbund*. The employers insurance contributions are as high as ever, though their burden, when imposed by the Socialists, was denounced as intolerable. Most remarkable of all are the activities of Dr. Ernst Karl Winter, one of the three vice-mayors installed in Vienna in April. This Catholic Socialist is imploring the workers to defend themselves by taking up their position within the new clerical Austria of to-day. He presses daily upon the Government the need for an amnesty for the Socialist prisoners, or the need for the restoration of a free press. He has, in fact, just succeeded in obtaining relief for those tenants of the Viennese municipal flats who were due to pay the raised rents to-day.

To the majority of the workers, however, Winter is a traitor, and a seducer to whom they are determined to remain deaf. Though many prisoners have been released and one hears nothing more of the great treason trial, gloom and intense bitterness prevail among the Socialists. Communism, which seems for once well-equipped with money, has been gaining converts, especially in Linz, Graz and Leoben. While, however, many people now call themselves Communists without actually joining the Party, the mass of old Social Democrats are probably remaining constant—not exactly to their creed, for they have ceased to be Democrats—but to their tradition. The old Party organisation survives and works with the Second International in Zürich. The *Schutzbund* survives, and there are other small and ill-related groups.

There is a prevalent tendency, especially among the younger people, to wish to break down the present regime regardless of the consequences. They think that it should somehow be possible to turn a crash to good account. This attitude is encouraged by Bauer and Deutsch from Brünn, but, apart from this, the influence of Brünn has greatly diminished. The smash-things-up-at-any-price state of mind provides a dangerous link with National Socialism, especially since the Austrian Nazis tend towards "Left" National Socialism. The *Schutzbund* leader, Bernaschek, who fired the first Socialist shot at Linz on February 12th, and who subsequently escaped from prison to Munich, intended to pursue an opportunist co-operation with National Socialism there. He was disillusioned by the results of this attempt and left for Zürich, whence he has attempted to warn other Socialists against the Nazis. But the tendency to co-operate against the Dollfuss regime is strong, and not all the explosives are fired by orthodox Nazis. Another link between Nazis and Sozis exists; many members of the legal profession in Austria are more or less Nazi, and Socialist, as well as Nazi, prisoners have occasionally found this useful in the courts. The Government has now taken counter-measures. Not only is the jury system suspended, but also all lawyers who show signs of disloyalty to the regime can, during the next year, be dismissed without notice and without pension. After a period of leniency, heavy sentences were not unnaturally pronounced last week, as the result of this threat. Terroristic Nazi activity is almost bound to have harsh repercussions for the Socialists, for Dollfuss could ill enforce rigour against Nazis if he did not, at the same time, placate the reactionaries by showing no " weakness " to the Marxists.

On July 1st the unloved constitution (some of its chapters, that is to say) came into force, and Austria achieved the tremendous revolution of officially changing from a " Republic " into a " Federal State." Most people are either bored or dissatisfied with the whole thing. Even the legitimists complain that the nominational principle at present makes the new corporations a farce, and that an elective basis should be introduced at once. But the legitimists have fallen on bad days. Mussolini still treats them with civility, but the Vatican keeps on saying nothing, and Dollfuss has made it very clear that he is not yet thinking of playing his last card—restoration.

NORMAN BLOOD

" I WOULD rather," said Mr. Lloyd George, as he shook the son of one of the Tolpuddle martyrs by the hand at Dorchester on Saturday, " be a descendant of your father than of William the Conqueror." In a sense, so would I, but, in another sense, I wouldn't. A drop of Norman blood has often proved to be a useful thing to have in the family since it was brought to England in shiploads in the year 1066. It is a useful thing even to-day, and would have been more useful still if Tennyson had not taken advantage of his position as Poet Laureate to persuade the nineteenth century democracy that simple faith was preferable to it. Since Tennyson uttered his all but Communistic taunt, death duties, income tax and surtax have made the life of a man with Norman blood less and less enviable. Kind hearts and simple faith have carried all before them, and after every new Budget, many of the Normans must feel sorry that their ancestors ever crossed the Channel and settled in so ungrateful an island.

But what a time they have had on the whole! What glorious stretches of country were handed over to them to do as they liked with! Apart from fighting—and fighting seems to have been a pleasure to them—life was one long procession of lordly idleness. No office called them from their beds in the winter dawn. Not theirs to know what it was to strap-hang six days a week in an overcrowded underground train. They were not compelled to hurry back from an unsatisfying lunch on poached eggs and toast for fear of being reprimanded for lateness. They had not to worry over the question whether they should go to the pit or the gallery in the theatre. I always think of a Norman baron as beginning the day, when he woke up in the morning, with a majestic yawn—the yawn of a man who knows that he need not get up unless he wants to do so. That is, I think, of all lives the most enviable. Morally, the life of the man who is the slave of duty is more praiseworthy; but on hedonistic grounds, can any existence be preferred to that of a perfectly healthy man lying in bed on a beautiful summer morning and wondering how he is going to spend the day? Hawks and palfreys are waiting for him in the courtyard. If he is feeling particularly strenuous, he can go out and hunt the deer or the wild boar. If he is a glutton, he can eat what he loves best for hours on end. If he is a drinker, he can plan a day punctuated with flagons, goblets and flowing bowls. It is not necessary to imagine him, however, as being entirely engrossed in material pleasures. He may be a lover of poetry with a bard reciting to him between meals. He may be a humorist with a clown making jokes for him all day long to the ringing of bells. If his tastes are musical, he will have harp-players tinkling away into the small hours. The great thing about his life is that he has nothing to do and all day in which to do it.

Mr. Shaw would like us to believe that a life of this kind is miserable. According to Mr. Shaw, the idle rich should be pitied since their lack of something to do leads to intolerable boredom. I doubt, however, whether people are so easily bored as all that. I suspect all these modern theories about the boredom of other people. I have heard boredom imputed to all classes of society in turn. The rich are supposed to be bored because they are surfeited with good things. The middle-classes are supposed to be bored—or, at least, boring—because they have narrow bourgeois minds. The factory workers are supposed to be bored because their work is so monotonous. The peasants are supposed to be bored because life in the country is so boring. It seems to me more probable that there are a number of people in all classes who are bored and that these people would be bored no matter to which class they belonged. Boredom is a matter of temperament rather than of class. The proportion of the bored is in all probability about the same in all classes. This being so, I would rather be a bored rich man than a bored poor man. The rich man, when bored, can always envy the lot of the poor man from luxurious surroundings, whereas the poor man, when bored, can envy the lot of the rich man only from surroundings that are as uncomfortable as boredom itself.

The chief virtue of money is that it gives one freedom. If one has a five-pound note in one's pocket and is hungry, one is free to walk into any restaurant in the world without wondering whether one has enough money in one's pocket to pay the bill. If one has only a shilling in one's pocket, however, one has to read the menus in the windows of the tea-shops and study the price of a cup of tea, a roll and butter and a boiled egg. This makes a meal at once more exciting and less exciting—I prefer it to be less exciting. In the same way, the rich man can choose which class he will travel on the railways, while the poor man has no choice. I am grateful to fate which compelled me to travel mainly third, for I have met more amusing and more garrulous company in third-class carriages than in first. At the same time there are occasions in which I prefer comfort to company, and a seat in a first-class carriage is then a throne. The ideal thing, it seems to me, would be to have enough money to afford the best and enough sense to choose—every now and then—the second-, third-, or fourth-best. I should hate to have missed the really bad hotels, the vile meals, the uncomfortable lodgings, the miserable journeys that I have experienced. Perpetual comfort gives little pleasure to the memory. Temporary discomfort recollected in tranquillity, however, is one of the enduring sources of human happiness.

As one who loves discomfort in the past, but comfort in the present, I confess to a growing liking for riches. I should —for the moment, at least—very much like to be a rich man. And I should like my riches to have come, not from so-called honest work, but hereditarily. There is a taint about money earned by honest work. By the time one has earned enough of it, one has got into such a habit of work that one does not know how to idle. How different is the case of the man whose ancestors have been idling since the Norman Conquest! There is no virus of activity in his blood, poisoning the summer afternoon for him with a sense of energies unused. He has always had the free choice between work and pleasure, and through long habit can indulge in pleasure with a good conscience. Disparagers of riches talk as though he were absolutely compelled to go to Ascot and Cowes and to shoot birds whether he wishes to do so or not. In point of fact, he need do none of these things. He can choose his own life. He can either own racehorses or become chairman of an anti-gambling society. He can either slaughter birds or run a society for their protection—or both.

What I envy most in his condition, however, is his freedom from the compulsion to work. I agree that work has its charms and that a hard day's work can be extraordinarily exhilarating. But I should like to be free to do it voluntarily; I should like to wake up every morning into a world in which idleness was optional. I should like, after breakfasting in bed, to be able to sit in my dressing-gown in a bedroom window and look out at a smooth green lawn in the morning sunshine and know that I need not do a blessed thing all day in this blessed world. I should like the house and the lawn to be in an old village far out of hearing of the cataract of progress and watered only by a quiet stream of traditional indolence. It would be a place in which one could be asleep and awake at the same time—the perfection of happiness—and in which one would be living in the past as much as in the present. Trees, birds, flowers, grass, water in sunlight and shadow—I doubt if these are so boring as is sometimes imagined. And then, amid such surroundings, how enticing work itself would be, when it had become a hobby! It would be like going for a morning ride on a horse—an agreeable form of exercise. It would be free from the stain of servitude, and one would be able to abjure it during a heatwave. Possibly, it is the present heatwave that has made me see the life of the idle rich man in such enviable colours. I wish at the moment of writing that he were in my place and I in his. I have no great reverence for Norman blood, but I long for the bit of inherited land that so often went with it. It is because of the bit of land that I do not agree with Mr. Lloyd George's choice when he says that he would rather be descended from a Tolpuddle martyr than from William the Conqueror. I would put my money on William as the more likely of the two to hand me down his.

Y. Y.

THE NAUGHTY BOY

THE other day at a fortnightly sitting of the Juvenile Court in an industrial town there were twenty-two defendants, all boys. The eldest was fifteen, the youngest nine. Two were charged with damaging a street lamp with a stick cut from a hedge, and were prosecuted solemnly by the assistant Borough Solicitor: three with breaking windows in a derelict factory: three with kicking a ball about a back street: one with riding a bicycle without a light: thirteen with "feloniously stealing." Eight of those thirteen had complicated their offence by "breaking and entering." The Chief of Police was very worried about it: so were some other quite excellent folk when the magistrates decided to act with leniency. Only one boy, and he was twelve years old, was sent to a Home Office school; and that was because his father had disappeared, his mother was away all day at work, and the boy had cultivated the habit of breaking open the penny in the slot gas-meter in his mother's house whenever he was left alone and knew there were pennies inside it.

Three rather harassed magistrates did what they could; but it was all a rule of thumb affair; and at least one of them went away wondering whether they had done more harm than good. For after all the cases had been heard nobody knew really anything at all worth knowing about any of the boys.

Now it was my luck a year ago to interview a number of children who had been "put on probation." It was an interesting experience, and rather perplexing.

A couple of choir boys left school on a Monday at 11.30, sang at the funeral service of a sexton at 12, broke open a house at 12.30, but took nothing, and were back at school at 1.30. On the following Sunday, after singing again as usual in church in the morning, they went with three other boys to the house in search of loot. They got very little—a broken clock, some glass marbles, other useless junk. All five were bright lads, not really hard up, certainly not vicious. They all read "Twopenny Boys Books," and apparently were afflicted with nothing worse than occasional attacks of boredom (singing at the funeral of a sexton is not exciting) coupled with a spirit of adventure.

Another boy, fifteen years old, had broken, quite deliberately, with a companion into an office. On being asked why, he replied, "Please Sir, to get money to buy sweets." That sounded bad. But on further investigation it was learned that the boy's home conditions were miserable: that he seldom got enough to eat: that his fare was monotonous and unsuitable. As the mother put it, "We have plenty of bread and a bit of meat when we can get it." Actually the boy was suffering from sugar starvation, and his craving for sweets was a quite natural physiological urge.

Another boy had an illuminating history. Already, a year before, he had been in trouble for stealing bottles of milk from a doorstep. It appeared that he went every morning by 'bus eight miles to work, taking his dinner, bread-and-butter, with him. Asked why he stole milk of all things he replied, "Please Sir, the other boys had tea with their dinner." He had felt at a disadvantage. While the other boys were boiling up their paper screws of tea and sugar with water, he was out of it. He had nothing but a works tap to go to. That humiliated him. And bread-and-butter and cold water make a dull sort of dinner. For three days he triumphed. He had milk. Then he got caught. When in trouble the second time it was for stealing chocolate from market stalls, and odds and ends from a multiple shop. For many months he had been out of a job, and so completely devoid of pocket money. That vexed him greatly; for when in work he never had less than a couple of shillings each week for himself. That, in face of the bread-and-butter and cold water dinner, may seem odd; but so it was. It was his mother's job to supply the dinners. When handing over his wages on Saturday it was his inalienable right to retain a couple of shillings for his own private spending. His friends did the same; and when he found himself, unlike them, penniless he went off foraging. He was quite a nice boy whose luck was out; and what conceivable good a couple of spells of "probation" have done him, or will do him, Heaven alone knows.

Another most engaging young housebreaker broke into a lock-up shop one Sunday, got away with two pounds, and, finding the game profitable, had another go on the following Sunday, when he got caught. On being questioned he said his favourite school game was "Crooks and Detectives," and told how he had spent some of the two pounds in several sets of toy handcuffs (useful for his game), a flash lamp, and a quite serviceable dagger in a sheath. He explained that he had bought this because, "I thought it might come in useful if I went stealing again." It did. With it he removed in a workmanlike manner several window panes without breaking the glass, and picked up several useful articles, including a cash box, complete with cash. He was a cheery youngster who evidently had been living in a world of fantasy which he got out of into a world of fact. He was put on probation.

The cases of the others were less picturesque. There was story after story of not very well thought out petty larceny resulting from poverty of intelligence quite as much as from lack of pence; as for instance, the boy who was caught hanging about a car with a pair of fur gloves in his hands. His story was that he was just looking at them, intending to put them back. Quite likely; but nobody believed him.

"Juvenile crime," so we are told, is on the increase. It may be. But, if so, why? Things don't happen by chance. Certainly, numbers of children are to-day going about with unsatisfied appetites, only partially filled tummies. But that explains very little. Starvation is not merely a matter of food shortage. Some time ago a very small child was brought up charged with stealing from a toy shop a gaily coloured toy aeroplane. He darted into the shop, dashed out with his treasure, was pursued and caught. Why did he covet that gaily coloured flimsy thing, which would be smashed in an hour? Is it so very fantastic to suggest that he seized it simply because it was gaily coloured; just as a salmon, so we are led to believe, jumps at a fly, not because he is hungry but because it is gaudy and stirs his curiosity?

People living in comfortable circumstances do not, perhaps, appreciate sufficiently the drabness of the back streets—the occasional urge for something the complete, shattering opposite of drabness. In the bad days when wages were very low, factory girls, who had not yet learned the art of dressing themselves attractively, laced their dull food freely with vinegar. Why? Because the vinegar provided the hankered after kick. And to-day the sensationally lurid picture is always popular at the cheaper sorts of flick-houses; while the fried fish shops do a roaring trade every evening. Vinegar is still the favourite sauce for the resulting fish and chips.

Apply that drabness factor when considering the boy delinquent. Surely the "Bad Boy" is, quite often, the "Bored Boy"; and he is not really bad at all, whatever the policeman or the school attendance officer may say. His home conditions often are unappetising. In one room *everything*, except sleeping, is accomplished. The family food is stored, cooked, eaten there; and the washing up is done there too. His mother washes and irons there, mends clothes, and looks after the younger brothers and sisters who have their measles and their whooping cough in that room. His refuge is the street. There he joins companions who have only similar rooms to go to, or escape from.

In the Juvenile Court we put children "on probation." Just exactly what does that amount to: of what benefit is it to anybody? A DOCTOR

SPORTING LIFE

Catalan anarcho-syndicalists are said to have issued a circular urging sympathisers to organise burning-parties as a sport.

EACH tennis-fan, each lover
Of feats by extra-cover,
  On reading this report
With anguish must be smitten
To see so plainly written
The decadence of Britain
  In terms of manly sport.

While crowds, with hope reviving,
Cheer Hendren's fearless driving
  Despite initial shocks;
While Perry's game grows grander;
While London and Leander
Upon the Thames meander
  (Or would, but for the cox);

The Catalans are billing
A sport by far more thrilling
  Than all these childish games;
All lesser joys suspending,
With rapture they're attending
Gay parties formed for sending
  A tram-car up in flames.

How tame the part we've acted,
By "flannelled" fools distracted
  At Wimbledon or Lord's!
With balls, not bombs, we trifle,
And let mere Bisleys stifle
Those uses for a rifle
  That manlier sport affords.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE SEDITION BILL

SIR,—May one who was a fighter for Civil Liberty during the war add a word to the controversy on the Sedition Bill which from a remote and mediæval country he has been following?

The whole policy of Search Warrants, testing sedition by the opinion of prejudiced persons and the rest was reintroduced during the war nominally for its duration. In the Monthly Notes of the National Council for Civil Liberty I said with damnable iteration that these things would not end with the war and that that was why they must be fought during it. Before my Military Tribunal I claimed that I was already doing "work of national importance" in defending the constitutional rights of British citizens. It is war that gives the opportunity to the possessing classes to restrict liberty with general consent. It is for use in future wars, foreign or civil, that permanent laws are now advocated. Reactionaries can be strangely obtuse, but even they cannot, in view of what happened in Russia, believe that repression of opinion can prevent revolutions. But it can postpone them and together with war postpone them for a long time.

The theory of the British Constitution is that under it we can make our revolutions without war. By destroying our constitutional rights the National Government is making this impossible and is ensuring first the threat of revolution, then foreign war and finally civil war. Those, therefore, who think these things desirable should welcome the new legislation. Those who hold that war is the worst of human evils must fight it to the death.

The Castle Inn, B. N. LANGDON-DAVIES
Algajola, Corsica.

ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—I have read in your issue of July 7th the letter from Messrs. Connell and Ward, the architects to the appellants in the recent Ruislip arbitration, and hasten to state that nothing in my letter published on July 2nd was intended to suggest that *they* were unwilling to abide by the arbitrator's award. My opening paragraph made it clear that my intervention was provoked by comments which had already appeared "in the technical press and elsewhere."

I do not think I can justly be accused of a departure from actuality in any material respect in my statement of the facts of the case. The plans rejected *were* for only two houses, and not for a colony as had been publicly stated; and notwithstanding the vague and general hopes expressed in the architects' subsequent plea, and the submission of a water colour sketch of the *two* proposed houses, the fact remains that the Council had no *definite* information as to a larger scheme and no evidence as to the intended layout of any possible future development. To this day I have no knowledge of what is meant by the nebulous reference in the plea to "a scheme for development over a large area." If such a scheme was considered relevant to the issue, it is extraordinary that details of it were not notified to the Council.

It is possible to emphasise unduly this aspect of the matter, and I referred to it merely in order to correct a misapprehension as to the nature of the case on which the Council and later the arbitrator had to adjudicate If, however, I may look away from the Ruislip case to the wider problems of building development, I would suggest that the grouping of buildings on a suitable site may be as important as the design of individual buildings; and this is so, more particularly perhaps, where the severer styles of architecture in small units are concerned. I should like to see the unconventionalists show the courage of their convictions by breaking away from the old conventional layout along straight roads with uniform building frontages.

I note with satisfaction that Messrs. Connell and Ward are in general agreement with the last paragraph of my previous letter, for my main purpose in writing on this subject was to direct attention to the danger of allowing ill-considered judgments on a particular case to jeopardise the future of any form of architectural censorship. K. MCFARLANE,
Chairman, Ruislip-Northwood U.D. Council.
Council Offices, Northwood.

THE COST OF A MAN

SIR,—An American friend, in stressing to me the quiet growth in the United States of feeling among the masses against militarism, mentions that much is made of the fact of "the immense cost of war—25,000 dollars to kill a soldier."

Countryman Office, J. W. ROBERTSON SCOTT
Idbury, Kingham,
Oxon.

WHITELEAF CROSS

SIR,—The Chilterns are one of the nearest beautiful places to London. Every week-end they are a solace for tired men and women from here and also from industrial Wycombe; eyes and minds are rested by the lovely beech-woods. Now Whiteleaf Cross, landmark, view place, sign of our Neolithic past, is likely to be built over by private enterprise in its usual ugliness. The two fields in front of the cross are in the market, and the builders waiting to plant villas on them and brighten Icknield Way with petrol pumps. We have got to save these fields, and that before July 21st. £3,050 or thereabouts, is needed, and then the Cross and its surroundings will be safe with the National Trust: cheques payable to the Whiteleaf Cross Committee should be sent to Lloyds Bank, Princes Risborough, Bucks, and questions can be asked of Mr. H. N. Brailsford, at Peter's Lane, Monks Risborough—his name should reassure socialists that by helping over this they are helping to keep safe the material for our England of the future. NAOMI MITCHISON

River Court,
Hammersmith Mall, W.6.

A MONEY ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—In view of the increasing general interest in the subject, I am compiling an anthology of quotations by English, American, and translated foreign writers on the nature, function, and history of money. The book, which is intended to be an epitome of English and American thought on the subject since about 1650, will represent the contributions to the literature of monetary science, not only of professional economists, but also of those whose chief interests lay in other fields. I should acknowledge gratefully any suggestions your readers may wish to make.

19 Cheniston Gardens, W.8. MONTGOMERY BUTCHART

CYCLING ANTHOLOGY

SIR,—Would you kindly permit me to invite the collaboration of your readers in the compilation of a cycling and motor cycling anthology? In their reading, lovers of these two pastimes will doubtless have come across many interesting references in histories, biographies, travel books and general literature. The anthology I have in mind will bring together short quotations from prose and verse and will seek to trace the history of the pastimes and be an entertaining literary record. I should be exceedingly grateful to any of your readers who would send me a post-card putting me on the track of their favourite quotations. H. R. WATLING

Clinton House, Kenilworth.

Miscellany

BRAQUE

THOUGH Braque is pretty well known to English amateurs, this is his first exhibition in London. It behoves us, therefore, to be grateful to the Lefevre Galleries who provide this opportunity of improving our acquaintance: it behoves us also to take advantage of it.

Braque is a stylist: so much everyone allows. But, then, what is style? *C'est l'homme même*, said M. Buffon, and I quite agree; only the definition seems to require elaboration. In literature, style, as I understand it, is the manifestation, by choice of words and phrases and the arrangement of both, of the author's attitude to life in general and to his subject in particular. You have only to consider the style of three historians, three narrators, say Gibbon, Michelet and Carlyle, to realise that by their methods of narration, by the shape and ordering of their sentences and paragraphs, by their choice of epithets even, each has told us as much as we are likely to know about his point of view generally, and particularly about his attitude to those human activities which are the material of history. The fact that we speak of the benign cynicism of Gibbon's periods, the vulgar catchiness and vivacity of Michelet's straggling paragraphs, and the crazed Calvinism of Carlyle's prose, shows pretty clearly what Buffon meant when he said that "*le style est l'homme même*."

What is meant by style in painting is not so easily perceived. Nevertheless, admitting the profound difference between the two arts, I think that what has been said of style in the one may be applied to style in the other. The painter by his selection of forms, by his disposition of them, and by his choice of simplifications does manifest an attitude to his subject, and through his subject to life. These preferences the inveterate stylist will tend always, unconsciously maybe, to impose by his manner of statement. Velasquez, perhaps the greatest realist that ever was, insists nevertheless on his particular conception of reality; whereas Sisley and Vuillard—two artists whom I happen to admire intensely—tend rather to lie in wait for the moment when nature, off her guard, reveals a mood, and then to record their reactions. They allow their point of view to emerge from the story as it runs its course; very rarely do they impose it. It goes without saying, however, that all artists worthy the name have style. An artist must select; otherwise he would be a mere camera. If only by what he omits he asserts his preferences. And, ultimately, his preferences will be determined by his temperament, by an attitude to life. It is a question of degree, and Braque is in the highest degree selective and imposing.

What Braque gets from his subject is less important than what he makes of it. This is not to say that he lacks sensibility. But, as you would expect, it is a sensibility of touch rather than of perception, and appears most clearly in his handwriting. In the big picture *Les grandes Baigneuses*, you will see a beautiful example of that. Neither does he fail to analyse; but here again what is remarkable is not what he analyses but the way in which he states his analysis. Take his analysis of a glass in the two delightfully harmonious little pictures, both painted this year, Nos. 38 and 41: all the elements of a glass are there, the form, the colour, the transparence, the utility even; but how personally, how wilfully are they rendered. Above all, perhaps, Braque possesses and makes full use of a perfect taste. His big picture, *Le Soir*, is composed of dull objects and dour colours so delicately matched that the whole is a joy. This, in my opinion, is the best picture in the show. More than taste was needed so to concentrate the central forms that they should radiate energy through the surrounding sheet of monotonous and, in itself, unattractive colour. That not one inch of this ambient yellowness appears lifeless or redundant implies power and precision in the maker beyond anything of which Braque has hitherto given proof. *Le Soir* is the most forceful and original work by Braque that I have seen.

It is possible in this exhibition to follow the development of Braque's art *ab ovo*. *La Ciota* (No. 1) is a piece of classic fauvism, perfectly honourable and perfectly impersonal. It might be a Friesz or a Derain of the epoch—1907. *Le Port* (1908) and *Nature Morte* (1912) are essays in cubism, excellent pictures which have very little in them of the Braque we know and admire. Then came the war; and not until 1921 do we meet in *Les deux Pêches* a full-grown artistic personality. Here is the familiar Braque. *Femme Assise* (1928) is an example of what has been called "Braque's Chinese style"; and with this, too, English amateurs are acquainted. The picture is exceptionally interesting, however, because it suggests surprising possibilities. The subtlety and, what is more, the naturalism of the modelling of the woman's torso suggests a possible departure along those neo-classic and quasi-realistic lines that have been followed by some of his contemporaries. Braque declined the gambit. Art involves sacrifices, they say; and Braque preferred to sacrifice these possibilities, rather than stop half-way on his journey and set out for new objectives. He declined to sacrifice those gifts of abstraction and calligraphy which he has cultivated assiduously and which have served him well. He judged for himself, and doubtless he judged wisely.

Anyhow, Braque has not stood still. He has not been content to repeat himself. German critics have accused his art of being "static," which means, I suppose, that hitherto he has not often desired to express, or has not succeeded in rendering, a sense of movement. *Les grandes Baigneuses* (1931) aims at expressing nothing else. I think it succeeds. In my judgment this is a good picture, but certainly it is not a lenient one. It has more the air of expressing a feeling for life, and less the air of a precious object, than anything by Braque I have seen before. I assume it is "dynamic."

Here, then, we have style, an attitude to art and life, analysis with a vengeance, calligraphy, and movement too. But in the last year or so Braque has gone further still. Evidently he has been studying Greek drawings, and his analysis of these has produced some singular forms and combinations of forms. The big composition *Ulysse* and the smaller *Thémis et Héra* (1934) will need some study and much good will if they are to be enjoyed. It may be thought, too, that they betray too clearly influences more recent than those of the Hellenic vase-painters, that in becoming more wilful Braque has become less personal. One need not labour the point; and anyhow it is stupid to judge an artist by his experiments. Going round the gallery for a final impression, one ends as one began, with a reassuring awareness of style. For it is this prevailing presence in the work of an artist whose paintings are less nourished than those of some of his contemporaries, less lyrical and enchanting than those of others, which gives us assurance of permanent value. CLIVE BELL

CHILDREN'S PLAYS

SCHOOL plays are a curious form of entertainment and never more so than at Beacon Hill School, where the plays are put together by quite young children. The desire to show off is undoubtedly present, but the desire to "take off" grown-ups is, I think, stronger, and as the satire is not explicit it frequently passes as naivete with the audience. The plays written by the Beacon Hill children have now been collected and will be published next week under the title of *Thinking in Front of Yourself* (The Janus Press, 3*s.* 6*d.*). Two of them, *The Sea* and *The Peasant's Plot*, seem to me to have real literary merits as skits or imitations, the first of such a play as Synge's *Riders to the Sea* or Ibsen's *Little Eyolf*, and the second of much Russian literature. Though they cannot compare in literary merit with Jane Austen's earliest work as a child, these two plays have the same spirit of parody born of exaggerated imitation. *The Peasant's Plot*, by children of seven and eight, is sufficiently short to be published here. I did not see either of these plays acted, though I have seen several other more ambitious ones and trust I shall see many more in the new surroundings. For the school is to move and is so uniquely good that every effort should be made to keep it going. D. G.

THE PEASANT'S PLOT

(*Peasant's House in Czarist Russia*)

(*Peasant's wife discovered stirring soup. Baby cries.*)

OLGA: Hush! my dushka, or the Cossacks will hear you. I hope your father comes home safely. I wish he wouldn't plot—it worries me. The Cossacks might have him.

(*Wolves howl*)

OLGA: Hark! The wolves! Ah, Holy Mary, send him home.

(*Banging on the door*)

EGBERT: Open the door. The wolves are after me.

OLGA: Is it you, Egbert Egbertovitch?

EGBERT: Of course it's me. Who else would it be?

OLGA: I thought it might be the Cossacks.

EGBERT: Nonsense, woman. Open, they're biting my heels.

(*Bursts in*)

EGBERT: Curse you, you bloodhound! Why did you keep me waiting?

(*Beats her*)

OLGA: Oh, stop, stop, dear husband. I am so afraid the Cossacks will come when you are out—and what then?

EGBERT: Hm, what then? They must not find the plans. I will hide them in the baby's cradle. (*Does so.*)

OLGA: I think I will go to bed now. (*Lies down.*) And you had better, too.

EGBERT: I am going out later to plot with my fellow-revolutionists.

OLGA: Oh, I wish you wouldn't!

EGBERT (*eating soup*): Shut up, chatterbox. (*Lies down and snores.*)

(*Cossack creeps in*)

COSSACK: In the baby's cradle, eh? (*Goes over to cradle, touches baby, who cries.*) I'll strangle this—it's better dead. (*Does so.*) Plans, indeed? This will do me some good—I'll go back to Headquarters and hand these to the Czar.

EGBERT (*wakes up*): Time to go. Ho! Ho! Wake up, lazy-bones. Get me my hat.

OLGA: Here it is. I know the Cossacks will get you and it will be Siberia for you. Ah me!

EGBERT: Shut up, chatterbox! Listen to the glorious plans. We are going to put a bomb in the Emperor's bed—and then glorious freedom. Russia will have no more kings, no more lords, no more anything. (*Stamps about.*)

OLGA: Hush! You'll wake the baby. He looks very sick, deathly pale, sickly yellow. I think I will put him on the stove to warm. (*Shrieks.*) My child! My child!

EGBERT: Have you gone mad, woman, or what's the matter with you?

OLGA: He's dead, he's dead—there are marks on his throat.

(*Cossack enters*)

COSSACK: Yes, he's dead, and a good thing too. What is one peasant more or less? My bloodhound has discovered you.

EGBERT: What do you mean? I've done nothing. You can search me.

COSSACK: What about the plans in the cradle? What about the bomb in the bed?

EGBERT: What plans? What bomb?

COSSACK: Do not pretend. Siberia for you, and for all enemies of the Emperor.

OLGA: I knew the Cossacks would get you, Egbert Egbertovitch. Siberia for you.

COSSACK: Well, come on, both of you. Might as well leave the baby behind, seeing it's dead.

[CURTAIN]

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

WHEN Mr. Edward Sackville-West's first novel *Piano Quintet* was published there were some critics who thought that the nervous exasperation of all the characters was laid on a trifle thickly. They can evidently have given little thought to the repertoire of this unfortunate group of individuals (fancy rehearsing the Franck quintet in every town in Europe!). The piano quintet, from Schumann to Sorabji, has always been an unsatisfactory medium and of modern composers Arnold Bax seems to be the only one who has come near to solving the many problems it raises. The worst problem comes when the composer wishes to make a climax with material of a heroic-cum-lyrical nature. The only way he can give sufficient body to the tune is by putting all the strings on it in octaves while the piano thumps out a robust accompaniment. The result always sounds like a café band trying to make up for poverty of numbers by exuberance of energy. It is mainly these difficulties of medium which prevent Elgar's Piano Quintet, Op. 84, from being as successful as the rest of his later works. Unlike the 'cello concerto and the string quartet, which are curiously restrained and intimate in mood, the piano quintet takes us back to the heroic Elgar of pre-war days. But the nobilmente tunes to which Elgar gave such convincing opulence on the orchestra are apt to sound a little commonplace in this medium for the reason mentioned above, and this unintentional touch of the café is enhanced by a couple of charming but disconcertingly Mediterranean sections. The Quintet recalls the similarly unequal 1st Symphony in its combination of the commonplace with passages of great originality and rather sinister power. This does not apply, though, to the slow movement which is a fine and consistent example of Elgar in his Nimrod vein.

The Quintet is well recorded and played with great understanding by Harriet Cohen and the Stratton Quartet (H.M.V. four 12in. in album, DB 2094-7. The make up of the accompanying leaflet is very bad, several of the music type illustrations being attached to the wrong bit of letterpress, and sometimes to the wrong movement altogether!).

Elgar's String Quartet, Op. 83, is a work of less impulse than the Piano Quintet but its perfect adaptation to its medium makes it more satisfactory as a whole. Here again the best section is the middle movement (Piacevole) a deceptively simple piece of writing recalling Fauré in its delicacy and intimacy (H.M.V. three 12in. DB 2139-2141, played by the Stratton quartet).

I did not realise when writing on Fauré last month that his Piano Quartet had been recorded or I should certainly have recommended it as an introduction to the master for those who are too conservative or too contemporary to be familiar with his work. In my opinion this quartet is one of the masterpieces of romantic chamber-music, worthy to be set beside any of the German works from which in part it superficially derives. The piano quartet as a medium is usually only less trying than the piano quintet, and it is a tribute to Fauré's precision of technique and taste that we are never made conscious of the fact that he is surmounting difficulties. Although in general layout and method Fauré's quartet derives from the common stock of the nineteenth century tradition it is extremely personal music *au fond* and there are many passages, notably the development of the first movement and the enchanting trio of the scherzo, whose indefinable charm could belong to no other composer. (H.M.V. four 12in. in album, D 2106-9. Played by M. Zurfluh-Tenroc, piano, and MM. H. Merckel, A. Merckel and Marchesini.)

Borodin's 2nd Quarter in D Major is not one of his greatest works but it is extremely pleasing to listen to in a rather Mendelssohnian way. It is good to have the whole work recorded so excellently by the Pro Arte Quartet, for there is always a danger of the very attractive Nocturne being "plugged" by itself. (H.M.V. four 12in. DB 2150-3, with Glazunoff's *Orientale* on the last side.)

Few modern composers are better represented on the gramophone than Stravinsky. This week the Columbia Company are recording his masterpiece, *Les Noces*, and they have just issued a very clear performance of the Octet by eight French wind players under the direction of the composer. This leaves, of his major works, unrecorded only *Oedipus*, *Renard*, and (unless I am mistaken) the Piano Concerto.

The Octet is not a work which, to be frank, gives me a moment's pleasure, but it is considered by the composer's admirers to be one of his most successful productions and to the student of Stravinsky's post-war phase it provides an interesting link between the *Soldier's Tale* and his more recent work. (Columbia two 12in. LX 308–9.)

It is high time we had some rerecordings of the Auber overtures, and H.M.V. have made a good start with *Fra Diavolo*, played by the L.P.O. under Barbirolli (C. 2644). Let us hope that this is only one of an exhilarating series.

Szigeti is responsible for an oddly made up record (Columbia LX 307). On one side is most of Szymanovsky's *Fountain of Arethusa* (from the *Myths*, Op. 30), on the other are the final dribblings of the fountain, Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Flight of the Bumble Bee* and a version (truncated surely) of Stravinsky's *Pastorale*.

The Szymanovsky is an interesting piece of virtuosity in the post-Ravel manner superbly played by the violinist with Nikita de Magaloff as the very efficient pianist. I am surprised, though, that so intelligent an artist as Szigeti should not realise that the Rimsky fragment loses its only *raison dêtre* when transposed for a string instrument. Played, as written, on the flute, it is highly suggestive of an amiable bumble-bee. Played on the 'cello it sounds like an exasperated blow-fly and played on the fiddle it sounds like a peevish mosquito. CONSTANT LAMBERT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Maitlands"

Ronald Mackenzie's posthumous play, now produced by Komisarjevsky at Wyndham's, reinforces the impression that the English theatre has lost in him a dramatist of exceptional promise. *The Maitlands* is a diffuse, loosely knitted, ironic fantasia on the theme of human egoism in a poverty-trap. It has a bitter flavour, but the characters emerge triumphantly real in all their vanity and self-pity, and there is never a hint of caricature. The Maitlands are a family in reduced circumstances, huddled together in a dreary little seaside town, and raging inwardly against their own limitations. Mrs. Maitland wanders in and out, mourning past glories and vainly trying to understand what is going on about her. Roger, her son, is a schoolmaster—how characteristic that he refers to himself on all occasions as an usher—mourning for his lost ideals which, together with tobacco and alcohol, are being sacrificed in order to keep his delicate wife in the South of France. Phyllis, a nondescript cousin, mourns her own boredom, passionately and steadfastly, and contemplates a marriage of escape with a comic old retired major whose "backward" lad is being coached by Roger for matriculation. Everybody, thoroughly and completely, gets on everybody else's nerves, and there is no improvement with the arrival of the elder son Jack, rising young actor and egoist rampant. Phyllis discovers a fresh means of self-torture in a desperate *affaire* with Jack, deliberately blinding herself to his obvious lack of interest in her devotion. Roger learns that his wife has left him, and after trying desperately to disbelieve it, throws himself at Phyllis's girl friend, a stupid little sentimentalist who has no idea what part she is playing in the ironic comedy. Desperation, in fact, is in the air, but there are still amateur theatricals to be rehearsed for the local fete, and the wretched, hypersensitive, adolescent Arnold to be chivvied through his exam, a poor, helpless lump of a boy for whom nobody has much patience or sympathy. The storm breaks on the sultry atmosphere with the arrival of Roger's wife, repentant, to find Roger in Joan's arms, and the callous departure of Jack in response to a managerial cable. Roger's wife, somewhat perfunctorily, retires to the next room to shoot herself (in the Chehov manner, non-fatally) and Arnold receives his last cruel snub when he bursts in on the confusion with the news that he has passed his exam—and is ignored. All this is not only first-rate theatre, enriched with a hundred deft touches of stage wisdom such as one would expect from a much more mature playwright, but its content has the genuine quality of revelation. These vest-pocket tragedies are for the most part rooted in ordinary human foibles and the Maitlands ring true to common experience.

Mr. Stephen Haggard has won golden opinions for his portrayal of muted, clumsy, tortured boyhood. His finest achievement is perhaps a negative one in resisting the temptation to lighten the boy's *gaucherie* with a hint of thwarted genius, or a certain lovable naivete. His Arnold remains a mystery—a dullard whose thin skin condemns him to frustrated misery with a terrible inevitability. Mr. Frederick Lloyd contributed a perfect gem of unforced character-work in the jocund Major, and his asinine chuckle punctuates the distresses of everybody else in the play. Mr. John Gielgud plays Roger with a subtle, restrained intelligence, which means the sacrifice of some of his more popular attributes. A rather broader suggestion of Roger's fundamental posturing to himself might have been an advantage.

A Bergner Film

The Loves of Ariane (at the Rialto) has the flaccid quality which is apt to mark the dialogue of too cosmopolitan films. It is, I believe, an oldish picture starring Elizabeth Bergner, and probably we should not have seen it, had she not made such an immense reputation subsequently. The story is hardly satisfactory in itself, and has probably been further mangled by the Censor. Certainly it appears barely intelligible in its present form. Ariane falls in love with a hard-boiled character, who announces his unwillingness to have an affaire with a "young girl" (translation for *jeune fille?*). Although she is obviously the most innocent child in the world, she immediately invents a whole series of former lovers, nine I think, and takes in her new lover, though, as she says herself, anyone should have seen through her at once. It is difficult to say whether this improbability is the fault of the actress, the director, or the scenario writer. But it destroys any point the picture might have. Nothing can presumably damage Elizabeth Bergner's reputation. But *The Loves of Ariane* can hardly add to it.

A Good Entertainment

The Thin Man, an adaptation of another novel by the distinguished author of the *Glass Key* and the *Maltese Falcon*, which was shown at the Empire last week, is an excellent and, I suspect, an important film which will influence all similar pictures which come after it. The photography, almost entirely of interiors, was extremely attractive in itself and the continuity was full of breakneck surprises. There was no sentimentality and the characters were as frisky as the staccato and unflagging dialogue. William Powell staging a come-back in an unusual part carried off the honours as an alcoholised and not-too-high minded detective, but he was well supported by a company as noted for their esprit as in certain cases for their charms. As a pure detective story *The Thin Man* may not escape the censure of purists. Too much information is provided in the last five minutes and the murder appears a trifle motiveless in consequence. But until the final dénouement the picture is beyond praise as an entertainment; and certainly should not be missed when it is generally released.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 13th—
Cricket: Eton *v.* Harrow, Lord's.
Flower Show, National Carnation Society, Old Horticultural Hall.
Athletics: Amateur Athletic Association Championships, White City.
Conference of the Anti-Noise League, University College, Oxford. Till July 16th.
Week-end Conference to consider "The Negro in the World To-day." Speeches by H. E. O'Connell, J. H. Driberg, Bishop Neville Talbot and others, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8. Till July 15th.
SATURDAY, July 14th—
Pageant of Abinger, Old Rectory Garden, Abinger Common, Nr. Dorking, 3. Also on July 18th at 7.
Grace and Vigour through Rhythmic Movement, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.
SUNDAY, July 15th—
John A. Hobson on "Force in Government," Conway Hall, 11.
MONDAY, July 16th—
Dolmetsch Music Festival, Haslemere. Till July 18th.
TUESDAY, July 17th—
Harold Picton on "My Experiences in Republican and Nazi Germany," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Tour round Mercers' Hall, 1 Ironmonger Lane, Cheapside, 3.30. Tickets (7*s*. 6*d*.), obtainable from the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 10 Old Jewry, E.C.
"Androcles and the Lion," and "The Six of Calais," Regent's Park.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

There is nothing striking or new to say about Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; my betters have been before me and have long since said everything worth saying about the greatest biography of the world, the best edition of which, that edited by Birkbeck Hill, has just been reprinted in four volumes (Oxford, £4 4*s*.), revised and enlarged by L. F. Powell. A further two volumes to be published shortly will contain Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* and Johnson's *Diary of a Journey into North Wales*, as well as an enormous index. The *Life* is familiar to everybody, so that even persons who have never read it can be relied on to know a number of the anecdotes by heart, and Birkbeck Hill's edition is famous. How good it is may not be discovered by the reviewer who has devoted only a few hours a day for a mere week to its perusal. But even such a dip into the book shows much. Boswell's text is like a stately giant of the tropical forest from the luxuriant limbs and leaves of which depend the streaming parasitic lianas, gay with their own blossoms and their own fruits, the notes. There are Boswell's own notes, the notes of other editors on them, to which Birkbeck Hill has appended any striking information of his own. From the firm supporting structure of one stalwart sentence a whole rope ladder may be festooned, down the rungs of which the inquiring eye descends, through blossoming erudition to the bottom of the page. A few fragments of one such may amuse; after a reference to Politian in the text we find:

> May we not trace a fanciful similarity between Politian and Johnson? Huetius speaking of Paulus Pelissonius Fontanerius says, etc., etc., Boswell.—In Paulus Pelissonius Fontanerius we have difficulty in detecting Mdme. de Sevigne's friend Pelisson, of whom M. de Guilleragues used the phrase qu'il abusait de la permission qu'ont les hommes d'etres laids.—Croker. Among the books in his library at the time of his decease I found a very old and curious edition of Politian which appeared to belong to Pembroke College, Oxford.—Hawkins. In the register of borrowings from Pembroke College Library is the following entry: . . . Angeli Politiani Opera . . . for ye use of Mr. Johnson. . . . The book's return was never entered and it is not now in the library. [? Powell]

I have quoted that specimen to show that this is the edition of Boswell to read—yet it is regrettably lacking in typographical charm, five or six sizes of type frequently diversify the page in a manner which is perfectly logical and equally hideous. The reason is revealed in Mr. Powell's preface, for the first condition under which he worked was that the pagination of the new edition should correspond exactly with that of the old, so that all references to the volume and page of the old edition made in important works of reference are still valid for the new edition. This is, of course, the reason that has prevented Mr. Johnson, printer to the University of Oxford, from doing full justice to the life of his namesake.

* * *

Johnson was a more than life-size figure, but Boswell presents us with a clear picture of him through a magnifying glass, multiplied, shall we say, by three diameters. By so doing he not only kept alive the legend but did much, I fancy, to fix one type of the learned Englishman for at least a century. A most interesting book might be written on the great men of the world who have set fashions by their characters and have become widely imitated examples. Among writers the aristocracy have excelled in this, though in no other respect. Byron is the supreme example—since he was copied by millions of little clerks throughout the civilised and semi-civilised countries for a century. I have seen with my own eyes, in Russia before the war, a member of what may have been the last brood of Byronic young men upon earth and have a dimming recollection of the sickly hauteur written upon his spotty face as he stood apart, refusing to hear his hostess proffering a second cup of tea. Among the better exemplars offered to the human race was Johnson. It is not remarkable that the most distinguishable English man of letters in the eighteenth century should be essentially bourgeois. That had been the case a century and a half before. Of Shakespeare we know too little to speak safely, but we believe that he was socially obscure, and we imagine that he knew his station in life. Dryden, it will be remembered, did not, and Lord Rochester sent "Black Will with a cudgel" to waylay him and remind him of the difference which separated them. We cannot conceive of, let us say, Lord Chesterfield employing such Teutonic methods with Doctor Johnson, and their dealings with each other, on the publication of the *Dictionary*, are those of a different age. The "false and hollow" but "honeyed praises" of the would-be patron were contemptuously rejected in a letter full of "defensive pride." As Johnson said:

> After making great professions, he had, for years taken no notice of me, but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a-scribbling in *The World* about it. Upon which I wrote him a letter expressed in civil terms but such as might show him that I did not mind what he said, or wrote, and that I had done with him.

Chesterfield may have had Johnson in mind when he referred to a "respectable Hottentot"; Johnson's withering epigrams of Chesterfield are well known, but the "wit among Lords" was powerless to revenge himself.

* * *

If I am right in thinking that Boswell's life of the Great Bear led to a crop of *Ursa minors* springing up in the colleges and rectories and even in the drawing-rooms of England, it is important to consider his limitations as well as his pre-eminent virtues, since the easiest way of resembling a great man is to acquire his vices. Johnson was almost blind, and was thus debarred from a genuine appreciation of pictures or of the theatre. Thus a love and understanding of the visual arts became eleemosynary among cultivated Englishmen. He did not love music: they need not consider it. His dress and person were unkempt; they need not bother about personal appearance. His manners were always eccentric and sometimes ferocious; they could be as boorish and bearish as they liked. He was stuffed full of prejudice and detestable opinions, so were they. But Johnson was characterised by an almost saintly benevolence; he sheltered many broken, unhappy, and unnecessary persons under his roof. Thus to do good in private, secretly, became the almost necessary corollary in this type of Englishman, of being rude in public. And though Johnson had a romantic liking of old families—"Langton, Sir, has a grant of free warren from Henry the Second"—he did not pretend to belong to the upper classes. It had always been possible for the *petit bourgeois* to enter society; Johnson made it possible for him to become a dominating figure without changing his class. Similar freedom for the working man has occurred in the last fifty years owing to the rise to power of the Trades Unions. Above all things, Johnson was always genuine: he said what he meant. Thus the learned Englishman had to be truthful and to speak his mind. He had also to love and reverence and to know the literature of the world and to love humanity—"I am willing to love all mankind, except an American"—as Johnson remarked after discussing Jesus's love for the Apostles. This particular mixture of good and bad suits our national temperament. Johnson was indeed very English, but Boswell made him more so, in life exciting, and after death exaggerating, Johnson's prejudices. And the disciples of Johnson make him more English still. If he had been a Russian, his convulsive movements, St. Vitus's dance, awkwardness in society and moods of intense melancholy, which he himself spoke of as madness, would have been described so as to produce an entirely different effect, and the men who modelled themselves upon this neurotic would have been strangely unlike the blustering, bullying, anecdotal, three-bottle Dr. Opimiams whom we have all met among lawyers, clergymen, schoolmasters, dons and doctors, men who remind us of the Johnson of the anecdotes and would not be as they are had Boswell never written his life.

David Garnett

ITALIAN POPULAR COMEDY

Italian Popular Comedy. A Study in the Commedia dell'arte 1560-1620. By K. M. LEA. *Oxford Press.* 40s.

This is an impressive piece of scholarship. Its theme was first suggested by "scattered and undocumented references to the influence of the Commedia dell'arte on Shakespearian drama," but before that influence can be determined comes the question: What *was* the Commedia dell'arte?—and there is no ready-made reply. "The Commedia dell'arte does not yield its secret easily, although it is an open secret . . . it will not keep still within the bounds of a definition." Roughly, it stands for "improvisation, the recurrence of masked characters, professional players, and the appeal to a popular audience," but of those features only the masks are constant, and they occur in other work. "The Commedia dell'arte may be said to exist by virtue of a quorum of its characteristics. It presents the drama with no new substance, but with a new flavour." Miss Lea's book is largely an effort to put salt on the tail of this most elusive of art-forms.

Some vague notion of the "masks" we still possess. The difficulty is to make out just what, besides costume and dialect (dialect as a "comic handicap" is a feature of this art), they owe to professional comedy and that alone—how they differ from the clowns, old men, cowardly soldiers, and so on, of classical and learned plays. And here again there is no very satisfactory reply —it was a question less of character than personality, it depended not on psychological conception but on stage tradition. And within the tradition itself there was variety; a "mask," too, was apt to grow more farcical as time went on. That was what happened to Pantalone, the Magnifico, the indispensable old man. He began life as an *almost* serious character—a "potent, grave and reverend signor" with erotic tendencies. These last, however, and the company of the clowns, quite soon demoralised him, and he threw dignity to the winds. Shakespeare (a squeamish writer) does not care for Pantalone, but Molière's Harpagon is just the amorous, miserly, ridiculous old man—with some rational softening, of course. The Zanni, or clowns, to whose tribe Harlequin and Punch belong, are the slaves of Roman comedy very thoroughly enfranchised—managing everybody's love affairs, in spite of the complicated and exacting nature of their own. At first there was only one Zanni to a play, but in the typical intrigue scenario room was soon found for a couple: "plenty to do," as Mr. Fips observed, "plen-ty to do." They were professionally astute and boobies for convenience, or *vice versa*—witty fools or foolish wits. The Zanni did find their way to the English stage—Launce and Speed, for example, are at farthest their first cousins. But Shakespeare, as Miss Lea points out, was shy of equipping Zanni with his Nespola, his female counterpart—"for his many fools there are but two country wenches, Audrey and Jaquenetta"—squeamishness again. The other masks—doctor, braggart soldier, and so on—have not travelled or survived so well, though Armado has more than a streak of Captain Spavento in him—far more than Falstaff or Parolles. It was surely too self-denying of Miss Lea to renounce all claim on the exquisite Armado. The lovers, to us, are non-existent: intrigue-plots do not involve a sense of character.

The Commedia dell'arte had no plots of its own: they were borrowed, adapted, and repeated *ad nauseam* from the Commedia erudita. A study of the scenari makes one realise as never before how threadbare were the devices of Shakespearian comedy. The girl dressed as a boy (on the Italian stage she was really a girl) runs riot through learned and professional plays: she may even be a girl dressed as a boy dressed as a girl. In her simpler disguise she loves a young man who is in love with a young man dressed as a girl, who is in love with a girl who is in love with the girl dressed as a young man. The "vicious circle of lovers" exemplified in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is the rule here. Twins abound: there may be not one but two or even three pairs of doubles. The poison which is really a sleeping-draught was "kept on tap." Supposed death was incessant and supplied "ghosts" innumerable, a dodge "equally appropriate in tragi-comedy, comedy and farce." Distressed lovers might "run mad as often as they chose." And a round-up of missing children was almost essential to conclude the play. There seems little enough room for feeling here, and the lovers were sententious into the bargain: it was a "studious" part—conceited, academic, argumentative. Yet the acting made those dead parts live.

English critics, though they admired the Italian gift for improvisation, on the whole despised their theatre. Coryat thought a Venetian playhouse "very beggarly and base in comparison with our stately playhouses in England; neyther can their actors compare with us for apparell, shewes and musicke." Nash contemptuously dismissed the foreign players as "a sort of squirting baudie comedians": *our* representations are "honourable and full of gallant resolution, not consisting like theirs of Pantaloun, a Whore, and a Zanie, but of Emperors, Kings and Princes." He can't abide anything that's *low*—and certainly Italian comedy was *very* low. In Shakespeare's *Merry Wives*, a play with a typical Italian plot, the wives are nevertheless chaste, the lover is the butt, the husband only ridiculous for his false suspicions: in the Commedia dell'arte things don't happen so. Moreover, there is no dignity even for romantic lovers: Leander dressed as a girl may be sure that Zanni will try to rape him before long, and Nespola's advances to the disguised heroine are infinitely more direct than Phoebe's. Attempted rape on the stage is the stock joke—inevitable, like mothers-in-law and policemen's feet. When you consider parts of the scenari in themselves, and then add to them what must be suspected of the actors' *lazzi* ("antics" or "by-play," an untranslatable but indispensable term), you begin to see why Nash and his compatriots were shocked.

The Commedia dell'arte went to bits in farce—the mirth and fun growing ever faster and more furious. Everybody beat and threw flour over everybody else: everybody (an unfailing jest, like drunkenness on the English stage) called out incessantly for maccaroni. Disguises and transformations had become the rule. "As the seventeenth century grows old Policinella and Coviello hardly ever enter in their own characters. They are for ever cheating somebody or scaring each other as necromancers, Indian colonels, widows, lame doctors, brides, noble Romans, or foreign princes. . . . Arlecchino bound slippers to his head for ears and went on all fours as Pantalone's donkey; he seized a basket and some brushes and, still palpably Arlecchino to the chuckling audience, passed into his enemy's house as a sweep." Even now one can feel the gusto, the rollicking effect, the appeal of jokes so colossally bad as to be irresistible. From an earlier stage of this foolery came—Shakespeare's *Tempest*.

Miss Lea, who thinks Shakespeare hardly at all indebted to the Commedia dell'arte, has made out a very strong case here. The resemblance is not to a play, but, as always with the Commedia dell'arte, to a class of plays—the "shipwreck pastoral."

> The three sources of dramatic interest in the pastorals of the Commedia dell'arte are the love-affairs of the natives of Arcadia, the power of the Magician, and the horse-play of the shipwrecked buffoons.
>
> Pantalone . . . comes in hallooing for his lost companions who make their sensational entrances, Burattino is belched up by a whale, Zanni emerges from a stone. When they have recognised each other "with 'lazzi' of touching and of fear" . . . after some lewd adventures . . . they either dress up as the Gods to live on the temple sacrifices, or make common cause with the shepherds to kill the Magician and steal his book. The latter plot is thwarted by the Magician's foreknowledge, and when he has had his revenge . . . he decides to relent . . . renounces his art, breaks his rod, and not infrequently agrees to go back to Venice with the travellers.
>
> This intrusion of buffoonery upon literary pastoral, constitutes a new dramatic type. Italian "literati" made a pleasure-ground of Arcadia: Pantalone, the Zanni and the Doctor invaded it like a picnic party.

This last phrase hits off Stephano and Trinculo to perfection.

How, or at how many removes, Shakespeare came by the theme is not provable. In most of the shipwreck scenari the buffoons are at their wildest—in holiday humour. They make hay of the love-plot by their amorous assaults on all and sundry; they are continually being changed into frogs, donkeys and the like; enchanted fruits explode suddenly in their faces; dishes of maccaroni go off with a bang. As Mercury or Cupid they sport shoes for wings, and a half-hoop of sausage-meat for Cupid's bow. Study of Shakespeare's "sources" is apt to mean, as here, an admiration-fit: who could have drawn *The Tempest* out of this Christmas pantomime gone mad?

To criticise the substance of Miss Lea's book would be impertinence; it is a monument of research, thorough from every angle, and crammed with facts almost to indigestion-point. Henceforth, everyone studying the subject will depend upon it. Her judgments are admirably cool and level-headed. Her list of plays and players, and her group of specimen scenari, are, to the student, alone worth a volume. It must be added that she makes a few odd slips, and that her index is, for so scholarly a production, maddeningly incomplete.

K. JOHN

KNOWLEDGE IS A DUTY

Encyclopaedia of Sexual Knowledge. By DRS. A. COSTLER, A. WILLY, and others. Edited by NORMAN HAIRE. *Francis Aldor.* 36s.

As ornaments of our homes and persons, as tokens of sympathy with the living and respect for the dead, as symbols of innocence and goodness, we employ, for preference, the sexual organs of plants. The spontaneous delight in sexual feelings and acts which this love of flowers might be supposed to typify seems to survive among some backward peoples; but in modern civilisation our attitude to sex has become as disastrously distorted as our attitude to property, and the most acute pleasure of which human faculties are capable has generally become tangled up with sub-rational feelings of guilt. How far Christianity is responsible for this calamity is doubtful: I suspect that if India had accepted Christianity, and Europe Hinduism, there would now be ithyphallic images of the Apostles in the churches of Benares, while the Established Temple of England would be respectably preaching clean living and muscular Brahminism. In any case, our taboos about sex are so powerful that those who have liberated themselves from them most successfully, still remain uncomfortably self-conscious, and no one, however uninhibited, can write about sex in the tone they would use to the object of the other basic appetite, food. Take, for instance, the recipes in that Mrs. Beeton of sexual life, the *Kama Sutra*—they can hardly be read without laughter, which is an attenuated form of disgust. And modern writers about sex, inevitably on the defensive, and frightened of shocking their readers, usually relapse into sentimentality. That our sense of humour should be roused by any serious discussion of sex shows how uneasy and mixed our feelings have become with regard to this most " natural " of impulses.

It is certain that millions of Europeans are more ignorant in some sexual matters than the benighted heathen of the Pacific, and that this ignorance causes immeasurable and unnecessary suffering. Novels, magazines, newspapers, films, posters advertising tooth-pastes or soups or even railways, keep up an unceasing bombardment of appeals to sexual appetite, but the technique for assuaging this appetite we are expected to discover for ourselves; and as one result a painfully high proportion of married women never know complete sexual satisfaction. Cabinet Ministers, judges, bishops, schoolmasters and popular journalists fight obstinately against the spread of knowledge about sex. Catholic priests and Anglican canons become deservedly popular for their detective stories, but a high-minded, if sentimental and tiresome, book like *The Well of Loneliness* is banned. Sapphism, in fact, is considered if not more wicked at least far more shocking than murder. And it is significant that when Röhm, Heines and Co. were bumped off the other day, a public which had acquiesced in their murderous brutalities was expected to be shocked by the revelation that they were homosexuals.

The right to know is, however, far more important than the right to vote, and every intellectual, every humane person, needs to support this right. A view that still exists and has to be overcome is thus stated by Alphonse Daudet:

> As regards young boys, they learn all they need in the streets and newspapers; as regards young girls, they must certainly not be taught physiology; I can only see disadvantages in this new notion; such truths are dirty, they destroy illusions, they frighten and repel the mind and warp the nature of young girls.

Modern upholders of his views would be rather less frank: they would advocate a little physiology, even for girls, but beyond this little or nothing. Others would rationalise their objections quite differently.

D. H. Lawrence, for instance, would certainly have talked about a profanation of the dark mystery, a destructive intrusion of the intellect. But it does not matter whether people oppose knowledge on the ground that it encourages or that it discourages desire—their real reason is a morbid fear of facing the facts. Possessed by this fear, people postpone consulting doctors till their cancers have become incurable, and encourage the spread of venereal diseases by forbidding or discouraging the use of prophylactics. This fear, indeed, is one of the chief obstacles to every improvement in the condition of mankind, for people would feel differently, whether about slums or about war, if once they could be obliged to face the facts. Knowledge is more than a right, it is a duty.

The *Encyclopaedia*, edited by Dr. Haire, contains a mass of information which needs to spread, though most of it naturally is familiar to those who have read Havelock Ellis. But where Havelock Ellis gives information, this book also gives advice. It includes accounts of the physiology of the genital organs, the technique of their conjunction, contraception, pregnancy, male impotence, female frigidity, the change of life, venereal diseases, prostitution, sexual abnormalities, and almost every other sexual subject. It is a long book (but far less long than H. G. Wells's *History*, for instance), and the pity is that its high price will place it quite beyond the reach of most of those to whom it would be useful. If it were issued at a quarter of the price the enormous resulting sale would almost certainly repay the publisher, except that it might then be suppressed by the police. For sexual knowledge is one of the many good things which our present society would like to reserve as a privilege of the richer classes.

Chapter after chapter in the book contains information which every Tom, Dick and Harriet ought to possess. The facts, for instance, about masturbation need to be universally known. Even among readers of this paper there may be persons so ignorant as to frighten children with threats about the results of masturbation. They will here learn that this is " a normal phenomenon which appears in the vast majority of healthy children and in young adults who are for one reason or another unable to obtain the normal satisfaction of their sexual appetite." The chief harm done by youthful masturbation is the result not of the physical act but of the feelings of anxiety and guilt with regard to it, feelings for which parents and teachers are in most cases responsible. Altogether the amount of misery caused by ignorance in sexual matters is appalling to contemplate. Another example is the widespread notion, still I think upheld in English law, that virginity can be tested physiologically. Actually the state of the hymen is no evidence one way or the other—it has been found intact in pregnant women, and is frequently broken in virgins. The apparent frigidity from which many women suffer is again often due to ignorance on their husband's part or their own, but here there is need for things even more difficult to obtain than knowledge—imagination, good will, patience, self-control. As a last instance of suffering caused by ignorance, there is sexual abnormality in its many forms. Most of us are unable to endure the thought of other people enjoying things that we cannot con-

You can be sure of Shell

ceive of enjoying ourselves. Modern painting, or Beethoven on the wireless, stirs some of us to moral indignation, best-sellers infuriate others, and only the most reasonable can think of sexual abnormalities without disgust and a desire to interfere. If a man can attain sexual satisfaction only by being flagellated, we call him immoral, perverse, unnatural, when he is merely the victim of some childhood experience, of a nurse or parent who smacked him, of a schoolmaster or prefect by whom he was caned. Homosexuality, again, is usually, according to the best authorities, acquired in the first few years of a child's life; and it is in such cases incurable, like congenital deafness, even by treatment in Wormwood Scrubbs. Knowledge of such facts may not always result in tolerance, but without knowledge tolerance is hardly possible.

The *Encyclopaedia* naturally contains some statements with which all authorities would not agree. The various methods of contraception are the subject of much controversy, and the Voronoff and Steinach "rejuvenation" operations are by no means generally admitted to be useful, though the use of the latter to prevent or cure prostate trouble seems to be giving good results. Less important, some of the historical statements are inaccurate: that "the Greeks ignored love as we understand it: woman in their eyes was partly a procreating machine and partly an instrument of pleasure," is true only of certain periods and places in Greek civilisation. It is not the case that the Catholic Church holds that "no sexual intercourse, however daring, between wedded couples is sinful": the technique recommended on page 206 is absolutely prohibited by the casuists. Again, it does not matter that Egeria should be called Aegyria, but to head a chapter "Love is no longer a Mystery" invites and deserves ridicule, for it still is a mystery which the psychologists with all their talk of fixations are still very far from having fathomed. Some of the case-histories, though interesting to the expert, are unnecessary for the readers for whom this book is designed; and it is always a pity when sexologists write such stuff as "lovers can do no wrong, because they are not on earth, but in Heaven, and in Heaven nothing is wrong." It would have been better to quote Baudelaire:

> Maudit soit à jamais le rêveur inutile
> Qui voulut le premier dans sa stupidité
> S'éprenant d'un problème insoluble et stérile
> Aux choses de l'amour mêler l'honnêteté.

However, there is nothing of "le rêveur inutile" about the authors of the *Encyclopaedia*. They are lucid, unshocked, eminently sensible. The ordinary reader may at first find it distasteful to contemplate in cold blood what in an excited state he most enjoys. Yet the sexual act is not intrinsically more unaesthetic than putting fragments of dead animals into a hole in our faces—a spectacle we do not find disgusting or absurd even when we are not ourselves hungry. And "the beast with two backs" represents or restores a unity, like that androgyne, of which, according to the Platonic myth, each one of us is a severed half.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BYRON, SHELLEY AND HOGG

Shelley and Byron. A Tragic Friendship. By ISABEL C. CLARKE. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

Shelley. By RUTH BAILEY. Great Lives Series. *Duckworth.* 2s.

After Shelley. The Letters of T. J. Hogg to Jane Williams. Edited by SYLVA NORMAN. *Oxford Univ. Press.* 7s. 6d.

The relationship of Byron and Shelley has been at times over-simplified, if not actually distorted. Indeed, according to some biographers, they present almost perfect types of the Good and the Bad Man. It is true, no doubt, that Byron was one of the most egocentric human beings who has ever breathed, and that from Shelley's character radiated a pure disinterestedness which lay like a charm upon the lives of his immediate circle. But how insubstantial was that charm! Is it not equally true that, at least in one instance, Shelley's exquisite apprehension of right and wrong, coupled with a runaway emotionalism, could create havoc as lasting and as dreadful as Byron's complete lack of moral sobriety? Yet we must admit that, while Byron shot through life, adored, distrusted and feared, to expire in a blaze of somewhat fictitious splendour, a pale reflection of Shelley's goodness and gentleness continued, now and then, to light up the minds of those who had known him really well. And nowhere was his influence more pervasive than in the memory of that strange person, Thomas Jefferson Hogg.

An "ambiguous and slightly sinister figure," Miss Isabel Clarke calls him, adding that he played "an unworthy and perfidious part in the drama of Shelley's first marriage." This, surely, is to overstate the case. It was certainly very regrettable that Hogg, left alone with Harriet at York, should attempt to seduce the young woman who had been entrusted to his charge; but examples of such "perfidy," even among close friends, are, alas, not particularly uncommon. It must have been obvious to Hogg that Shelley did not love the "noble animal," with a taste for ribbons, bonnets and furbelows, but with very little understanding of poetry or philosophy, whom he had adopted in headlong haste from quixotic motives. Hogg merely acted as a "man of the world"; and in Hogg's composition the man of the world was perpetually battling against the enthusiast and perfervid disciple of his poetic Oxford friend. Towards the middle of his life, he came to believe that, although he had loved Shelley, he had never shared his crack-brained idealism; and, to reinforce this belief, he went so far as to edit Shelley's early letters, often changing a pronoun so that they seemed to refer to Shelley and not to himself, printing Shelley's observations on Hogg's visonary passion for Elizabeth Shelley so that they appeared to describe Shelley's own passion for his cousin, Harriet Grove.

In such details, he was definitely dishonest. Yet, when he was writing of his adventures with Shelley at Oxford, Hogg showed himself a biographer of unusual delicacy, charm and skill. For Oxford enshrined his dearest and earliest memories. It was from this plane of unreal but delicious exaltation that he descended to act a less exalted, though perhaps not unforgivable, part as Harriet's would-be seducer. The recollection troubled him as long as he lived. In 1823, while he was visiting the city in the course of legal business, he wrote to Jane Williams that York was "always a city of melancholy presages; I always meet with something disagreeable here, and feel relieved when I escape from this odious place." Jane Williams herself was a relic of Shelley; his friend had loved her at Casa Magni and, standing at the window of that "lonely and abandoned building," she had seen Shelley's living phantom hurry along the sea-shore; where Shelley, in his turn, had seen the wraith of Allegra rise, naked and smiling, from the moonlit waves.

Since Miss Bailey, whose little book in the Great Lives Series is a simple and straightforward narrative of Shelley's career, tells the story of this latter apparition, I wish that she had included the story of the great black butterfly noticed by Mary Shelley on the day of Byron's death. . . . In Shelley's world, nothing was prosaic. The "fiend-monger" who had terrified and enchanted his sisters at Field Place, the mediaeval alchemist who had electrified Hogg at their first meeting, grew up into a man, saddened but, unlike Byron, never embittered—whose hair, like Byron's, was streaked with grey—but who impressed those who encountered him with his look of youth. Hogg soon developed into a middle-aged barrister, a cynic disturbed, in spite of himself, by memories of youthful enthusiasm and by the image of the most lovable and perplexing friend who had ever come his way. Edited by Miss Sylva Norman, his letters to Jane Williams throw a not unpleasant light on Hogg's existence after Shelley's death. Miss Norman has written a voluminous and useful introduction; but there is one point that, as far as I can ascertain, she has failed to clear up. Though Jane Williams is mentioned on the dust-cover as "the wife of Edward Williams," we know that she was not married to him and had been deserted by—or had deserted—a husband in India. Was she ever legally married to Hogg? The problem is not very important; but, having read Miss Norman's admirable foreword, I found that I was still in doubt and, looking back, could discover no solution of it. Whatever the alliance, it was as binding as marriage—a union strengthened and sanctified by the memory of Shelley.

The Letters of T. J. Hogg to Jane Williams makes an interesting minor addition to the more personal side of the history of the Romantic movement. Miss Norman seems unduly severe in her estimate of the tone that runs through these letters. She speaks of "a kindly patronage, a genial but uninspired affection." Hogg was far too egotistical a character to express romantic devotion with much facility; yet romantic and even tender his letters are, a touching testimony to the conflicting emotions that struggled in that strange divided heart. . . . *Shelley and Byron. A Tragic Friendship* can also be recommended, though with some reservations. Miss Clarke retells the story plainly and vividly, but is on dangerous ground when she ventures a general statement. It is as foolish to attack Shelley's "perverse views" as it is inaccurate to applaud Byron's "moral courage"!

P. Q.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TRAVELLER

London in 1710: From the Travels of Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach. Edited and translated by W. H. QUARRELL and MARGARET MARE. *Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.*

In June, 1710, Herr Zacharias Conrad von Uffenbach, traveller, book collector and connoisseur, landed at Harwich with his brother, and proceeded by short stages to London, where they lodged in Suffolk Street. His dislike of London and the English must have been instantaneous. He was a stiff, polite German with a well-mapped mind and a love of Latin and the decencies. He came armed with introductions; he was casually rebuffed. At an election (this horror was to recur) the people " behaved so wildly that one might have been in Poland." His hostess would not allow him to play the flute on Sundays. These and other barbarisms are recorded with zest.

Five months of business and sightseeing did not cause him to alter his opinion; but there seems to have been a good deal of enjoyment in his disgust. It is characteristic that when he visited the Royal Baigno (the largest of the Turkish baths) he walked fully dressed through the succession of rooms, each hotter than the last, and noted at the end that " it was almost too hot to breathe." With the same unbending precision he went everywhere and saw everything. And if at times he was uncomfortable, it may have been his own fault.

He gives a vivid account of the rowdiest scenes: the races at Epsom, bearbaiting and cockfighting; anything that ends in a hurly-burly provokes his inevitable comment on the English character. But sports and elections are not the only manifestations of our national bad manners. He looked into the Hall of the Middle Temple:

> The Hall in which they dine is on the ground floor and very large. On the upper part on both sides there are middling marble figures of the first twelve emperors. Above them some paintings of the English kings. They dine here in as slovenly a fashion as they do in the colleges at Oxford. The table had just been laid, and on it were wooden platters and green earthenware pots, into which the bones are cast; there were no napkins and the tablecloth looked as if a sow had just had a litter on it. We had no desire to dine there and hastened to look at the Library.

He was even more shocked at the Old Bailey (where he had to pay a shilling to go in), because the crowd inside made such a din that it was often impossible to hear either Counsel or Judges; " there was not one soldier present, but only six wretched fellows with pikes, although the prisoners are not properly shut in but stand unfettered in a small bar or enclosure." Queen Anne, the coffee houses, the Whitsun crowd in St. James's Park (women carrying masks before their faces)—he has a black mark for them all.

Many of the big sights disappointed him—usually because they were not big enough. The rooms at Hampton Court were " tolerably " but not " magnificently " furnished; both Houses of Parliament lacked " elegance " and " size "; the Thames at London Bridge was only half as wide as his beloved Main at Frankfurt; and a famous tapestry at the Tower turned out to be nothing more than a " wretched rag." We get the impression of a town without order or dignity, of occasional beauties dwarfed by ugliness, and such a pandemonium in daily life as could only astonish the luckless foreigner.

He found, of course, plenty to admire. The eight volumes of *Les Délices de la Grande Bretagne* served him well, though it may have seemed to exaggerate some of the pleasures. Collections of all sorts fascinated him; there was hardly a day when he was not looking at coins, medals, books, manuscripts, silver, glass, insects, plants or waxworks. With an equally learned eye he read Latin and examined the small Zoo at the Tower, the waxworks over a Swiss shop, the water theatre behind St. James's Park; he watched an ape in Fleet Street balancing on a tight rope and smoking a pipe; and carved his initials in the stone of the Wakefield Tower. As a tourist he seems to have enjoyed a mixture of the lantern lecture and the music-hall show. Here is one entry:

> On reaching home at 8 o'clock in the evening we found Dr. Pauli, who had waited on us to let us know when we could see the Scotchman who breaks glasses by his shouts.

There can hardly have been an oddity in London which he did not see.

Reading this diary of a tourist one is reminded again that of all the curiosities of travel none is more curious than the traveller himself. It may be true that travel " enlarges the mind," but it does so at the expense of the imagination. The illusions of grandeur, escape, superiority, movement and all the rest of it make the routine of the traveller peculiarly comic. Dreamer, sightseer and inveterate liar, he treads a revolving stage on which one magnificent spectacle after another circles past; he raises a spyglass, makes an entry in his diary. A book on the scale of Stendhal's *De l'Amour* could be written about travel; but it would need a Flaubert to do it.

Von Uffenbach is a minor and rather conventional traveller. We can see in him most of the qualities of the modern tourist; one only, perhaps, is missing—the aesthetic sense. He was before the time of the " sentimental travellers " and " men of feeling." This limits his responses to the places he visits, but also provides him with less opportunity for being dishonest. His " superiority " as a Continental traveller in England is straightforward and easily seen through; most French and German travellers of the time adopted it. Without this attitude Von Uffenbach might have written a rather dull book of his adventures as a collector in congenial surroundings. Disgust, however, has added the livelier colours to his picture of London, which is always fresh and interesting in its detail.

In 1710 London must have been nearing its best. St. Paul's was finished, though the space round it was still enclosed by planks; many of the squares, besides St. James's, had already been planned and built; and from the Monument Wren's fifty-two churches could be seen rising above the red brick houses. The river, of course, was a centre of commerce and gaiety, and it must have been an astonishing sight, for no less than eight thousand wherries and barges were in use between Windsor and Gravesend.

Von Uffenbach remained in London till November. He might have stayed on, but the " unhealthy atmosphere " of the town and the " wild doings " following a change of ministry offered too black a prospect for the winter. Accompanied by his brother he left for Holland; and as the travellers passed through Chelmsford, congratulating themselves on their release, they were pelted with dirt; another election was in progress. G. W. STONIER

OLD FATHER ANTIC

The Citizen and the Law. By SOLICITOR. *Routledge. 7s. 6d.*

This is a book which may do some good, and cannot do harm, although it will probably annoy some people. There is little evidence that the author has any reasoned views as to the relation between the citizen and the law of his country, but it is just this absence of theory which gives the book its value. It is for the most part a record of fact and law as seen by a provincial solicitor of considerable experience. The dry realism of his writing may be inconvenient to the Conservative party of which he is a member, but this does not appear to trouble him.

It is depressing after reading a book of this type to consider how much remains to be done to bring our legal system up to the level of even the average popular conception of justice. Many of the abuses denounced by Sydney Smith and Dickens still exist, and although the letter of the law has in many instances been changed the spirit of injustice too often persists. " Solicitor " points out that Charles Lamb referred with horror to the fact that in his time women were still occasionally hanged, and he might have quoted similar comments from the early numbers of *Punch*.

The law on the various subjects dealt with is illustrated by numerous instances taken from the *Law Reports* as well as from the author's personal experiences, and examples are quoted from works of fiction to show the popular attitude. The facts of Reg. *v.* Jackson with regard to a husband's right to restrain his wife's liberty sound incredible to-day, yet Reg. *v.* Jackson was decided as lately as 1891, and overruled what had for fifty years been held to be the law. Readers of Meredith's *Evan Harrington* will remember that Captain Evremonde, when he comes to claim his wife, reminds Lady Jocelyn that the law is on his side. Reg. *v.* Jackson provides an example of the way in which judges sometimes force the law into accordance with public opinion. It is perhaps significant that a woman's property was emancipated before her person.

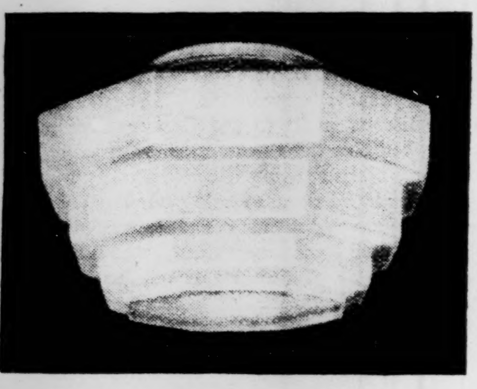
There are, as might be expected, references to the justices of the peace. A number of the instances of their peculiarities are taken from High Court decisions. The age and deafness of many magistrates, especially chairmen of benches, is well known to those who attend police courts, but the hardships arising therefrom deserve a wider publicity. Those who, like " Solicitor," desire that the lay element in the administration of justice should be retained, are naturally anxious for the reform of abuses. The book is, however, only incidentally concerned with the reform of the lower courts. It deals at length with the law as to family relations and makes rather an unduly delicate attempt to instruct the general public as to sexual irregularities.

On Children's Courts and Probation what may be considered reactionary views are expressed. The author's objections are practical and not theoretical. He contends that the necessary machinery does not at present exist, and fears that immediate failure may discredit sound principles. For similar reasons he is not in favour of the proposed courts for the adjustment of matrimonial relations, and he views with apprehension any relaxation of the law of evidence. Notwithstanding what has been done in the direction of Poor Persons Divorce, it is probable that our marriage laws press more hardly upon the poor than the rich, partly because there is for practical purposes no appeal from the decision of the magistrates in matrimonial cases.

The fact that "Solicitor's" experience is in the provinces is of importance when considering the points he raises. It is far too often forgotten that although London is the centre of the legal world so far as the High Court is concerned the great majority of cases arise in the provinces, and so far as offences against the law are concerned are tried there. Astonishing things are done as a matter of course in some country courts, and move High Court Judges to strong language when they occasionally come to light.

The placid Victorian days when law and order were taken as a matter of course have passed. The open defiance of the law in connection with the tithe agitation is a novelty in England, but it is not unique. The continual attempts of the executive to prevent their regulations and doings being questioned by the Courts are reminiscent of Stuart times. It is worth while to consider dispassionately what our laws are in theory and in practice, and to what extent they are in accordance with enlightened public opinion. "Solicitor's" lack of knowledge of legal and psychological theory has helped him to write a useful book. He knows where the shoe pinches, and does not hesitate to say what he thinks. Incidentally the story on p. 28 might well lead to the issue of a search warrant should the Sedition Bill pass into law.

The author's suggestion that the costs of both sides in a successful appeal should be paid by the State has much to commend it, but it is unlikely that his views on duelling will find general support. The book is free from legal jargon and is clearly and simply written, although perhaps the explanation of the difficulties of the law with regard to a married woman who is technically single for the purposes of a bastardy application might be fuller.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NEW NOVELS

Going Abroad. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Open the Cage. By SYBIL FOUNTAIN. *Howe.* 7s. 6d.
Evening of a Martinet. By JANE OLIVER. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.
Dark Interval. By ROSALIND CORNWALL. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Bores are almost as much a problem in fiction as in real life. You may say No, because one can always close the book. But I say Yes, because there are writers to whom we owe gratitude for past diversion, admiration for other achievements; so that courtesy constrains us from too readily closing the book, as in social life it constrains us from shutting up the bore. Such feelings of obligation Miss Rose Macaulay has earned by her erudition and wit, her ability to write decent straightforward prose, and her extremely shrewd way of catching and expressing the mental, moral and intellectual fashions which deeply affect a decade, and overlap and colour the lives of educated and semi-educated people. She is not, therefore, a writer at whom one can lightly sniff; and in not enjoying her new novel I may have been peculiar or even singular. Like some of Mr. Huxley's novels, *Going Abroad* is weighed down by characters with far too life-like a tendency to talk on their pet topics, so that the book, designed to be airy, flops like a kite which refuses to take the wind. Is the kite ill-made, or is the person at the end of the string incompetent? The bore is the legitimate prey of the satiric writer, as of the serious novelist; but, though the reader should squirm with the fictitious victim, he should not begin to yawn, nor be tempted to glance over the pages to see where the conversation comes to an end. *Going Abroad* is a warning to those inclined to make friends with other visitors to their hotel.

In a hotel on the coast of Spain are staying Mrs. Aubrey, a Cambridge blue-stocking, eternally preoccupied with the topography, vegetation, etc. of the Garden of Eden, and her husband, the Bishop of Xanadu, "adorned with one of those beards which missionaries grow in order to show the heathen that they can," who is a talker on tribal customs. They have become acquainted with the Josefs, a couple of Basque origin who own a chain of beauty-parlours, and the Buckleys, of whom the daughter is a lovely half-wit (improbably articulate when it comes to letter-writing) and the son a highbrow prig. There are also Ted Baines and his gang of proselytising Oxford Groupists. Miss Macaulay has devised a plot about kidnapping to display their natures and keep things going. Just at the beginning the kite stirred and strained hopefully, whenever Mrs. Aubrey's brief and ironic brother came on the scene, and when, for instance, the Bishop said: "There must be much good in these young Groupers. I remember meeting a Chinese missionary in Persia, who told me that he considered it just the thing for the Japanese." But later on, the old conviction was reborn, strong and healthy, that a humorous view of life, whether inherent or adopted for the purposes of writing a "holiday" novel, defeats its object—that humour must be a by-product of either profound or vivid interest in persons and events, however much this interest be clothed in levity. The impression is made that Miss Macaulay is amused by, but not deeply interested in, people, and probably prefers insects or even plants.

The village which is the scene of *Open the Cage*, unlike the Basque coast as depicted in *Going Abroad*, has many inhabitants who are delightful as well as cultivated—almost too many for verisimilitude; and, by the same happy dispensation, their material and spiritual welfare works out altogether too easily, according with the plans of the acute and beneficent observer, Mrs. Kettlejohn, in a way that circumstances seldom accord with benevolent plans in real life. Thus the release of Helen from her bondage to domesticity is brought about, so that she is freed to return to her adored painting. But, however smooth the course of Miss Fountain's plot, her tone is delicately sharp, and so is some of her characterisation. Like her first novel, *Open the Cage* is in the Jane Austen tradition. Partly owing to this fact,

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partly to the excellence of its printing, it is exactly the book for a summer afternoon. Hundreds of women will enjoy identifying themselves with the talented Helen: "She had wanted to be a wife, she had wanted to be a mother, but never, never had she wanted to be a nursemaid"; though they may feel slightly surprised at someone of her views and intelligence imposing weekly church upon her children. This introduces a doubt about whether we have got Helen correctly "placed."

Evening of a Martinet is about a woman who would have made a very good subject for Miss Macaulay or Miss Ruth Draper, not because Olivia Pennant is a bore but because she is slightly ridiculous. She is a perfect lady of the competent kind which speaks of a doctor as a medico, calls her brother-in-law "James, dear," thinks herself the apex of civilisation, and imposes this view upon a hypnotised world. All this would be very much to the good were a portrait of a successful prig Miss Oliver's object, and she might have stepped into Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick's shoes. But, having displayed Olivia coolly to us in the first chapter, in the act of retiring at the height of a brilliant career as headmistress of a large boarding-school, Miss Oliver then takes us back twenty-five years, and in doing so herself falls under the hypnotic spell. In Olivia's farewell speech to the school it became clear that she had something to hide, and what that something was the main portion of the book relates. It inevitably recalls the plot of Miss Compton-Burnett's last novel; but even without comparison with the harsh, bone-like quality of that remarkable work *Evening of a Martinet* seems pretty tame. I deliberately said that Olivia's earlier history was related—we do not feel with her, her emotions are inadequately conveyed, and it is difficult to like anyone so complacent. Her author loads Olivia with gifts: brains, courage, fortitude, beauty, understanding, the ability to overcome all obstacles, and the enduring, unrequited love of "James, dear"; and her lavishness will arouse in some readers a mood of cold and perhaps snobbish contrariness. But there must be many others who will enjoy this quietly written, well-worked-out, fairly eventful story in which, while the persons are recognisable as humans, virtue triumphs.

The heroine of *Dark Interval* was a school-mistress too, but she had thrown over her post for no apparent reason, and had then suffered a "nervous breakdown" about which, annoyingly as it turns out, we are told almost nothing. When the book begins, Rosemary awakes to find herself in a strange place to which she does not remember being brought. She discovers that she has been certified a lunatic. The "voices" which had been the chief symptom of her disease while in hospital occur but once or twice now that she is in an asylum, and in other ways too she is as sane as many people who are not incarcerated. She combines being excessively young for her twenty-nine years with acute over-estimation of her own intelligence and the desire to be descended both from King Alfred and Robert Bruce. True, she occasionally has screaming fits, but only when she thinks the doctors are misinterpreting her words or when her sense of total impotence becomes intolerable; and several of the nurses are aware that she is sane and that her vagaries are mere showing off. She makes friends with one or two co-patients and with the less disagreeable of the nurses, undergoes various changes of domicile, as when, in punishment for what the Institution chose to regard as an attempted escape, she is put in a tiny and horribly hot cell. Finally she persuades her parents, for whom one feels desperately sorry, to obtain her discharge.

So closely does Miss Cornwall identify herself with her heroine that I found and find myself forgetting that *Dark Interval* is not written in the first person. The book has considerable actuality, and a great deal of the sort of detail about food, clothing and personalities which is the only tolerable alternative to an imaginative treatment of such a theme. The reader comes to know Rosemary well. She is not an interesting person, and her conceit, which is not represented as a symptom of madness but as tallying with her author's view of her, alienates one's sympathy; but at least she is lively and spirited. After describing a padded cell, she adds the quip: "'Have nothing in your pad which you do not know to be useful or believe to be beautiful,' William Morris might have written if he had ever been certified"; and her spirit remains unbroken through all her trials. But though we get to know Rosemary well, we receive no new light on human nature at its border-line between mad and sane; our experience is not enlarged, as it was by *The Shutter of Snow*. It is as though Rosemary's consistent frivolity and bravado had infected Miss Cornwall, so that while writing a readable book she has missed the opportunity of producing a significant piece of work.

E. B. C. JONES

CAPE FAREWELL

Cape Farewell. By HARRY MARTINSSON. *Cresset Press. 8s. 6d.*

The literature of travel has been largely in the hands of the leisured, but now the underdog, the worker, the man at the machine who conveys or looks after the leisured traveller, is coming into it. The world is being seen from the engine room. A considerable amount of material hitherto little known has become available; and at the right moment, for the world of leisure and feeling, isolated from the activity that sustains it there, is staling. Without claiming exclusive value for the literature of work for work's sake, it is obvious that it brings a new vigour and stimulates the imagination.

From the age of fifteen the author of this book, who is a Swede, had been to sea, chiefly as a ship's fireman. From his experiences he has selected subjects ranging from such diverse things as a brief note on a flying fish falling to the deck, an Atlantic storm in an overladen boat, to a seaman's bewilderment in a fortnight's leave at Bombay, and a night ashore at Middlesbrough. Mr. Martinsson was, of course, not an ordinary fireman, nor was he an adventurous literary man. He was a gifted worker—the superiority in social background of the Swedish worker is striking—without the usual swaggering about drinks and brothels and with no sentimental inclination to pump melodramatic passions à la James Hanley or Liam O'Flaherty into the people of whom he writes. He is more interested in people as part of the scene than in people as a jumping off point for stories of psychological or passionate conflict. And the scene is work. The best things in this striking book are about work.

He is also an ex-fireman with a prose style. His writing has a visual brilliance, a poetic genius for simile and for the baroque sentence. He will note Indian lettering on a shop sign. The letters

> resembled magnified comma-bacilli mixed with erratic designs of pine-needles and black ants.

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The ship rocks
clumsily like an elephant with a howdah full of princes on its back.

It is a mannered style, at times, and ingenuously the pathetic fallacy creeps in; there is occasionally the wet paint stare of the prose poem. It is a style of phrases rather than of sentences, the work of a young writer, not unpleasantly naive, serious and pleased with words. But it is the work of a man who sees things afresh and who practises a sound economy in narrative.

The work is, I have said, superior to the feeling. The latter in the fashion among sailors amounts chiefly to sexual nostalgia turned sentimental. The first job is the one of mess-boy on a Greek timber ship. The boy brings the coffee, listens to the incomprehensible jabber of the Greeks, swabs out the cabins, keeps out of the way of the amorous engineer. The steamer is racing out of the path of the cyclones that hang about the doldrums, but it is caught, the rudder splits, and they lie with a 40 deg. list sideways on to the enormous seas. Men are drowned. In the darkness the crew struggle to throw the deck cargo of timber overboard. This episode is admirable of Mr. Martinsson's kind.

Another job is boiler cleaning in Bombay. This is done by coolie children under an eleven-year-old foreman with a whip. The smaller the children the further they can penetrate among the pipes, and there by the light of a stinking tallow lamp they scrub the boilers with caustic soda in a temperature too hot for the firemen. Two and a half days of that. In Bombay the laundresses make terms for washing linen and a fortnight's love combined. *Il faut gagner sa vie.* It is the note of the book. In Brazil Mr. Martinsson worked with a negro gang on a sugar plantation, and there is a fine description of a walk across the forest by night. In Rio he was polishing floors for a wealthy bourgeoise.

The book is neither a bawdy picturesque yarn nor a hymn of hate on behalf of the oppressed. It is the work of a young man who likes talking to himself, who takes himself seriously, a poet declaiming his own lines—and all faults redeemed by an inner core of simple wonder at the men and sights of the world.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Who's been at my Eno's

Issued by the proprietors of Eno's "Fruit Salt," the world-famed effervescent saline.

Week-end Competitions

No. 226

Set by Philip Jordan

In an endeavour to make other people do my work during this hot weather, I have asked a number of friends to suggest the ideal competition. None of them have done so. Why, therefore, should competitors not suggest one for me? What would be an ideal competition? For the purpose of securing some uniformity among entries competitions which require either verse, poetry or songs for an answer are barred.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 20th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 224

Set by Frank Sidgwick

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Companion Poem to Beachcomber's "Epitaph for a Lighthouse-keeper's Horse":—

Here lies the lighthouse-keeper's horse,
Which was not ridden much, of course;
How patiently it waited for
The lighthouse-keeper's leave on shore!

The companion poem may (but need not) be another epitaph; it should (but need not) be confined to four lines; and it may—but only at the competitor's risk—be followed by a short dialogue between Prodnose and Myself.

Report by Frank Sidgwick

I cannot flatter myself on common-sense in having asked for a four-line epigram in a heat-wave: fifty-four envelopes resulted, many with multiple contents, so that the total entries are near the figure of degrees Fahrenheit shown on the thermometer. But the thought of a lighthouse-keeper in such circumstances is refreshing.

How hard it is to define the terms of reference of a competition in a way that shall be understanded of the people! Dozens of prize-seekers have failed to grasp what a Companion Poem is: one puts me the question direct. What I meant by a Companion Poem to Beachcomber's (whose name is another refreshing suggestion in this torrid weather), is a poem which, when read, makes the reader say, "That's like Beachcomber's poem," or "That is a pendant or sequel to, or a comment upon, Beachcomber's poem." E.g.:

Here lies the bus-conductor's bike;
He rode it only when on strike;
Yet, while on duty, was well pleased
To think his missus kept it greased:

Or:

Here rests, in confidence and hope,
The snow-plough driver's periscope:
It's very seldom taken out
In seasons of continued drought:

Two poems (*hors concours*) which at least adumbrate something of Beachcomber's absurd - but - possible - premiss - logically - rationalised method. It is possible—as four epigrams, neatly composed, from an address at Wimborne, Dorset, showed—to write of the lighthouse-keeper's (*a*) wife, (*b*) girl, (*c*) hens, and (*d*) debtors, without getting near to a reminiscence of Beachcomber. And I regret to say I cannot see this as a Companion Poem at all:

Still runs—*world* luxury—"Brute Force,"
Glum, arbitration-blinkered, horse;
On Peaceland's shores we'll never land
Till we *that* nag *for ever* strand!

Nor does the following keep company with Beachcomber, though the rhyme, which is new to me, makes it worth preserving:

LE CHAGRIN DE L'AMOUR

Her girlish ardour was a trifle damped
When Henry's *billet doux* arrived unstamped,
Tho' the good Postman said for 3*d.* he
Would remedy this sad discrepancy.

DAVID HOLLAND

KAREL ČAPEK

Hordubal

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H. E. A. BOLDERO,
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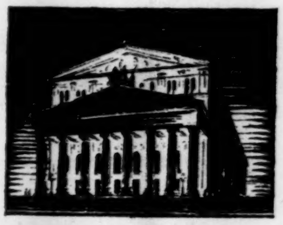

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After the first three readings, and after turning out sixty-three poems as below prize or highly commended level, it became obvious that there was no one epitaph or epigram markedly better than the rest: and though several added pieces of Prodnose-Myself dialogue (in which William Bliss, James Hall, and Seton echoed the true music successfully), it is on the merits of the Poem and its Companionability that the prizes must be awarded.

In the highly commended, but non-prize-winning class, I place Bagaens, Rufus, H. C. Riddell, W. Leslie Nicholls, Redling, and W. E. V. Burch; and redistribute the two prizes as five half-guinea prizes to H. C. M., Seacape, John Mavrogordato, Alfred Holland, and Saumarez, for the following:

Here lies the Billiard Marker's racquet;
He hasn't troubled to unpack it;
And as he always uses cues, it is
No wonder people question whose it is.

H. C. M.

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES

Here lies, his earthly business done,
The man who marked the hot-cross bun;
Let him be present in our thoughts
As free to try his hand at noughts!

SEACAPE

ANOTHER EPITAPH

The Hot-cross-bun-maker lies here:
He died through underwork, and beer.
And yet he bore the Heat, he won
The Cross, while others took the Bun.

PRODNOSE: Are you being rather ambiguous and poetical?
MYSELF: May I never be serious without notice?
PRODNOSE: It's a matter of taste.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO

Here lies the curate's kangaroo,
For curates' pets are now taboo;
How careless to alight upon
The bishop with his mitre on!

ALFRED HOLLAND

Here lies the 'bus conductor's wife,
Who lived a lonely sort of life;
Her tongue was like a poisoned sword—
The 'bus conductor slept on board.

SAUMAREZ

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 81.—THE TWO MAHARAJAHS

The Maharajahs of Ejwar and Kolindail, in the hill-country, are both very proud of their families of lusty sons. Not unnaturally, as in both their States monogamy is the rule—even for Maharajahs!

"If each of my sons," said the Maharajah of Ejwar, "has as many sons as I have, and if each of *their* sons has as many sons as his father, and so on for successive generations, what an enormous number of great-great-great-great-great-grandsons I shall have!"

"True, O Maharajah," said his neighbour of Kolindail. "But I, on the same assumption, should have even more. Nay, my Astronomer has made calculations on this very point. The number of my great-great-great-great-great-grandsons would exceed the number of yours by 9,176,457.

How many sons respectively have the two Maharajahs?

PROBLEM 79.—THE POINTER

The date referred to is May 23rd, 1920,

$$= \overset{23}{W}\quad\overset{5}{E}\quad\overset{19}{S}\quad\overset{20}{T}$$

if we take the corresponding letters of the alphabet. The suggestion, therefore, is that *West* is the culprit. I do not know quite what to do about solvers (believe it or not, there were quite a number of them!) whose argument went more or less as follows:

"May, 1920," thinks the Doctor. "May—Mae *West*! West must certainly come up and see me sometime." I think, on the whole, that their ingenuity calls for recognition.

PROBLEM 78.—VILLAGE BAZAAR

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: C. H. A. Wills, 43 Clifton Hill, London, N.W.8.

There were 146 correct solutions. *Six* points are awarded.

PROBLEM 80.—THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY

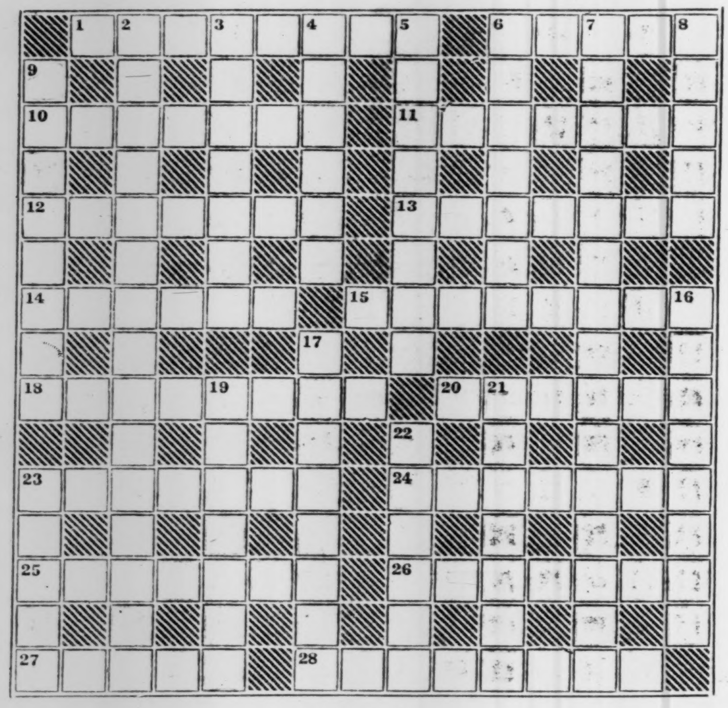
Through an error in transcription "fifty" appeared instead of "eighty." The last paragraph should have read:

"I didn't," said the Foreign Secretary. "But I'll tell you. There may be not fewer than *eighty* nor more than two hundred. And the number has increased every year."

Solutions in conformity with the problem as printed last week will, of course, be accepted as correct.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 227

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is
J. Walter Jones, Ynysllynlladd, Cadoxton, Neath, Glamorgan.

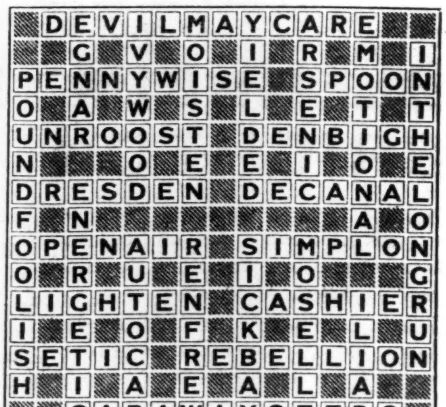
ACROSS

1. It sounds an odd way to make anything known.
6. To make law when acted in this hidden manner.
10. How to avoid being caught.
11. Even if you wait inside you may do this to a welcome.
12. Unbounded description of the virtuous.
13. State of the accursed serpent's head.
14. Thus I correct a rumour officially.
15. Rickety part of a town in Beds.
18. Credited change.
20. Not usually free when the doctor does.
23. In this Oregon town one may see pictures in England.
24. Is after barometric indication.
25. Sleeping sign of Kenneth of Scotland.
26. Helping.
27. Replanted trees.
28. How the coppersmith began Nag's obituary announcement.

DOWN

2. Rations that suggest rocky mixtures.
3. One who received plum cake and banishment.
4. Alone when the last is first.
5. Even a musician's skeleton does not contain this.
6. Commit in charge.
7. Might formerly have described the children's Sunday attitude.
8. Playthings are thus done with.
9. What Bunyan's Grace did.
16. The sinner he is made to put in a sacred casket.
17. How added men are called for.
19. The kind of bun that makes the dog rave.
21. Sportingly done when hurt.
22. Container for Test Match spoils?
23. Tree turned psychologist.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



▨	D	E	V	I	L	M	A	Y	C	A	R	E	▨	▨
▨	▨	G	▨	V	▨	O	▨	I	▨	R	▨	M	▨	I
P	E	N	N	Y	W	I	S	E	▨	S	P	O	O	N
O	▨	A	▨	W	▨	S	▨	L	▨	E	▨	T	▨	T
U	N	R	O	O	S	T	▨	D	E	N	B	I	G	H
N	▨	▨	▨	O	▨	E	▨	E	▨	I	▨	O	▨	E
D	R	E	S	D	E	N	▨	D	E	C	A	N	A	L
F	▨	N	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	▨	A	▨	O
O	P	E	N	A	I	R	▨	S	I	M	P	L	O	N
O	▨	R	▨	U	▨	E	▨	I	▨	O	▨	▨	▨	G
L	I	G	H	T	E	N	▨	C	A	S	H	I	E	R
I	▨	E	▨	O	▨	F	▨	K	▨	E	▨	L	▨	U
S	E	T	I	C	▨	R	E	B	E	L	L	I	O	N
H	▨	I	▨	A	▨	E	▨	A	▨	L	▨	A	▨	▨
▨	▨	C	A	R	A	W	A	Y	S	E	E	D	S	▨

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The University, Edmund Street,
Birmingham, 3,
June, 1934.

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Applications are invited for the Chair of Italian Studies. Stipend £900 per annum. Duties to commence December 25th, 1934, or as soon after as may be arranged. Last date for application, September 29th. Further particulars may be obtained from the REGISTRAR.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

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Applications, together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should reach the undersigned not later than the 23rd July, 1934.

W. H. SMETTEM,
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COMPOSER (25), with work under favourable consideration, wants some sort of a job for about a year. His needs are modest—part-time work would suffice—and he is willing to do anything apart from selling vacuum cleaners, silk stockings and soap, which he knows, at the moment, is a little overdone. Box 550, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By **TOREADOR**

DEFLATION AND THE GOLD BLOC—GOLD PREMIUM SHARES—CABLES AND WIRELESS—A FINANCIAL "KILLING"

WITH deflation being madly pursued in the "gold bloc" countries, with an economic collapse threatening Germany and with indecision in America under the regime of "Government by trial balloon," the world trade recovery shows signs of halting. One gets the impression that the "gold bloc" countries are working up to their final crisis. It is wonderful to see how tenaciously they fight against their own salvation. Until they devalue their currencies and play the Roosevelt game of gold inflation, prosperity can hardly return and deflation is a dangerous policy for most European Governments to pursue. It is all very well in Italy where a dictator can order cuts in the salaries of public servants, conversions of the public debt and reductions in rents and banking charges. Public goodwill there can even be maintained if the benevolent despot proclaims that he will not allow "big business" to exploit the consumer and the small investor. But in Social-Democrat countries deflation generally ends with machine-guns in the streets, even in Holland. To make matters worse, in France and Belgium the wage cuts have been accompanied by class legislation in the shape of lower direct taxation. True, the deflation has been mitigated by a programme of public works, but it remains to be seen whether this will increase employment as fast as falling prices create unemployment.

* * *

I see that the Money Market editor of the *Financial News* gives the gold currencies "twelve months," on the grounds that no country is in a position to stand the strain of a further fall in prices. For the present the French franc is "above suspicion," but all other gold currencies are considered vulnerable. But what will happen to the French franc when the street mobs of Paris force the present Government of old gentlemen to resign? I would give the gold currencies less than twelve months. The ostensible object of the deflating countries is to reduce costs of production to enable their industries to compete in foreign markets and so restore equilibrium to the national balance of payments. But as soon as their costs of production have been reduced sufficiently to make competition effective, the off-gold countries will increase their tariff barriers sufficiently to kill it. And if the "gold bloc" is then forced to devalue their currencies, the off-gold countries will add so much more to their tariffs. So it will go on until an international conference is called either to end the folly of economic war or to declare international trade illegal. At the moment the latter seems the more probable.

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As regards the "equity" shares of companies operating in gold standard countries, no hard and fast rule can be laid down. Some will benefit, some will temporarily lose by devaluation. A difficult case to decide is Imperial Continental Gas. Its subsidiaries sell gas and electricity in Holland, Belgium, France and Czechoslovakia. If the first three countries "devalue" as Czechoslovakia has done, the profits of Imperial Continental Gas in terms of sterling must fall, but the management has already taken the precaution of transferring the liquid cash to London and selling their gold-currency income "forward." Moreover, it has begun to take an interest with the Dawnay Day group in British gas companies. The present price of Imperial Continental Gas stock is 212 to yield about 5.6 per cent. If it falls heavily on "devaluation" talk, it should rather be bought than sold.

* * *

The bleak outlook for international trade is not a "bull" point for Cables and Wireless preference stock, but the market is none the less taking a more cheerful view of the dividend prospect. The monthly traffic indices for the first five months of 1934 recorded an advance of 2.7 per cent. on the 1933 figures. This represents an additional gross revenue of about £115,000. Further, the chairman declared at the annual general meeting that the full effects of the reorganisation had not yet been realised. Savings in the past three years amounted to £380,000, £242,000 and £479,000, respectively. Let us guess the savings in 1934 at £125,000. Next, the chairman revealed that of the pension fund item of £587,000 no less than £169,000 represented compensation of a non-recurrent nature. Dismissals may still be going on in the blessed name of rationalisation, but it is safe to allow for a considerable drop—let us guess 50 per cent.—in the compensation payments in 1934. The aggregate of these items represents an additional 1.4 per cent. on the Cables and Wireless 5½ per cent. preference stock on which 3 per cent. earned was earned in 1933 and 2¾ per cent. was paid. This estimate of earnings assumes, of course, that the cable and wireless traffic receipts in the last half of the year will not fall below those of the corresponding half of 1933. It is a big assumption, but it is not an impossible one to make, seeing that July to September, 1933, were bad months for communication receipts. As Cable and Wireless preference stock at 68½ yields 4 per cent. on the 1933 dividend of 2¾ per cent., holders will not be inclined to sell as long as there is some hope of improved earnings.

* * *

When the Government boasts of the wonderful part which private enterprise, aided by cheap money, is playing in the housing boom let us not forget that private enterprise is making considerable profits out of it—particularly the private financier. Take the case of the Ideal Building and Land Development which was formed this year to acquire New Ideal Homesteads and its associated companies. The vendors sold the business to Ideal Building and Land Development for £700,000, satisfied as to £300,000 in cash and the balance in ordinary shares of £1. A Stock Exchange firm agreed to subscribe or procure subscription at 20*s*. per share for 500,000 preference shares and 100,000 ordinary shares for a commission of 4½*d*. and 3*d*. per share respectively. The ordinary shares which had been subscribed for at 20*s*. were introduced on the Stock Exchange at 40*s*.! In the financial game this is fitly described as a "killing."

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
Education and Citizenship

SUPPLEMENT **SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1934**

CONTENTS

FOREWORD. By Kingsley Martin . . . . . *Page* 61
THE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION. By G. D. H. Cole . . 61
HISTORY AND "CIVICS." By B. A. Howard 64
CITIZENSHIP THROUGH GEOGRAPHY. By W. O. Lester Smith 66
BROADCASTING AND EDUCATION. By Commander S. King-Hall . . . . *Page* 68
EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY. By Sir Ernest Simon . . 71
BIBLIOGRAPHY 73

FOREWORD

WHEN people say that democracy has failed they may mean any of a number of things—some of them perfectly sensible. They may mean that Parliament, as we know it to-day, is an inefficient instrument of government which urgently needs drastic reform. They may mean that experience has exposed the absurdity of the idea, held by the more sentimental of the early democrats, that almost anyone, by mere light of nature, is capable of forming an intelligent opinion about public affairs and even, at a pinch, of administering them. But the opponent of democracy may mean something far more fundamental than a criticism of existing institutions and a demand for expert administration. He may mean that he despairs of, or does not wish to believe in, the basic doctrines of democracy—that good government is to be tested by the amount of free individual development it allows under its authority, by the extent to which it permits free criticism and adventurous thought, by its ability to protect the rights of minorities while providing to the best of its ability the broad conditions of a good life for every citizen. The dangerous attack on democracy controverts, openly or secretly, all these objects. It suggests that reason can play no part in government, that force is a good thing in itself, and it supports its plea for dictatorship by asserting that the common man is incapable of forming reasonable decisions even on the broader issues, that he wants not an individual life within a community, but a disciplined and militarised life in which all he has to do is to obey orders and march in step.

We do not yet know how far the ordinary man is capable of understanding the world he lives in because we have never given him the chance. Democracy is a goal to win, not an exploded ideal. We are watching the nemesis of plutocracy, not the failure of democracy. No democratic thinker from Aristotle to Mill was ever fool enough to think that democracy would work unless based on an educational system deliberately designed to make intelligent citizenship possible and provided with public sources of information which were independent and disinterested. It needs no new philosophy to tell us that if the mass of men and women are provided with no more education than the necessary minimum which enables them to understand orders in the factory, and doped with newspapers whose public function has often been lost in commercialism or prostituted in propaganda on behalf of the existing order—it needs no new philosophy to tell us that such a system will come to grief.

This Education Supplement does not argue these fundamental questions or pursue the fascinating psychological problems raised by any effort deliberately to educate children for the leisured but adventurous life which we might all lead, if our social system were based on a communal determination to share the material and spiritual enjoyments that are open to us. Its aim is more modest. Within the existing order genuine experiments are being made to prepare the children of ordinary men and women for the decisions they will have to make as citizens. We are not dealing with "modern schools," patronised by the well-to-do. Mr. G. D. H. Cole, Mr. B. A. Howard, Mr. Lester-Smith, Commander King-Hall and Sir Ernest Simon are discussing methods which teachers are already beginning to use in order that the young men and women of the next generation may be intelligent voters and informed and critical newspaper readers. They agree that the right method is not to impart a subject called "civics," but so to teach such subjects as history, geography and economics (which is a perfectly possible subject for older children) that the child will leave school with the equipment to understand the world in which he lives. They aim at the creation not of scholars and experts, but of citizens with a working map of the social and political world in their heads, a map which will save them from being the proper geese for the propaganda of millionaire press lords or aspiring dictators. K. M.

THE OBJECTS OF EDUCATION

By G. D. H. COLE

WHAT purposes do we want education to serve in the community of to-day? One obvious purpose is utilitarian in a purely economic sense. Education is expected to increase productive efficiency, and in that way to help towards a higher standard of life.

It is utilitarian also in a wider sense. As Bernard Shaw is fond of pointing out, citizens who cannot read and write are a nuisance, and ought to be "prevented" in the same spirit as we set out to prevent other "nuisances," such as defective drains or, all too seldom, smoke and dirt. But the utility of education, in this second sense, extends far beyond reading, writing and arithmetic. If as a people we are to advance in civilisation and the enjoyment of the arts of life, we shall necessarily keep on raising the minimum standard of knowledge and intelligence that we expect one of another. Men and women will have to be better educated if they are not to be nuisances to each other.

This, too, lies within the realm of utility, though in a different sense from the utility of increased material production. But there is also a third sense in which we must look to education to serve a utilitarian purpose. However skilled men may grow in the arts of production, and however knowledgeable and intelligent they may become in the personal arts of living, they will not be able to enjoy the benefits of their skill and intelligence and knowledge unless they apply these qualities specifically to the architectonic art of living together as a community. For what use is growing productivity unless the growing product can be satisfactorily distributed; and of what advantage is personal skill in the private art of living if it is combined with incompetence and unreason in the conduct of public affairs?

Our task is not merely to live, but to live together as a community of people who are prepared to work together in order to make the best of this pleasant land of ours and of the personal equipment of each of us for making something satisfactory out of life. Clearly we cannot rest content with our educational system unless it does help us towards this indispensable safeguard against the stultification of our hopes.

But how is it to help? There are, broadly speaking, two views on this point, apart from the view of those who hold that we cannot expect it to help at all. One view is that we must make our educational system, from primary school to university or adult class, so powerful an instrument of indoctrination that almost everyone will grow up firmly believing in certain salutary social truths. In this spirit Catholics insist on keeping their own schools, in order to catch people young and impregnate them with an unshakable and impervious faith in the eternal verity of a certain sort of Christianity. The Church of England does the same thing, in a less whole-hearted fashion. From a very different point of view the Communists in Russia regard the effective indoctrination of the young as an essential part of the foundation on which a Socialist Society must be built up; and Mussolini and Hitler are no less insistent on the school and the juvenile and adolescent organisations as means of ensuring that the growing generation shall wax strong in Fascist sentiment as well as in years and knowledge.

Many people who take an active interest in the cause of social progress are probably unaware of the very great contribution which Government Publications can make towards a wider knowledge of the complex social and economic environment of the present day.

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There is another view, far harder to sustain in these days of turmoil. It is that the final purpose of education is not so much to teach people facts or doctrines as to help them to think for themselves. This is the "liberal" view—with a small "l." On this much of the advanced educational practice of our own day—including some extravagances—has been based. Our more adventurous teachers have aimed above all else at making school and university, W.E.A. class and broadcast talk liberalising influences, helping to set the minds of students free to follow whither the spirit may lead.

But of late the educational "liberals" have been growing uneasy. They have not given up their ideal of liberalism; but both the ideal itself and the method of working for it have undergone a change in their minds. As to method, they have come, in face of the terrors and insecurities of our time, to want to indoctrinate "liberalism,"—a notion that involves a restatement of the "liberal" ideal. For the educational liberal who thinks straight and is not content to remain in a muddle has to go on to realise that men can live together within the framework of a real community—that is, on a basis of fellowship rather than coercion—provided that there is among them a large common factor of social faith and a large measure of agreement concerning the basis on which society is to rest. The freedom to think for oneself will tear society to pieces unless this agreement exists in sufficient measure to hold it together as one. And, as Robert Owen saw very clearly—with astonishing clarity for his time—more than a century ago, the school and education as a whole are indispensable agencies for the promotion of this agreement in any advanced type of society which has outgrown the potent forces which create uniformity among the members of more primitive groups.

The restated "liberal" ideal must, therefore, include the attempt to build up through education, as well as in other ways, a sufficient community of outlook among the members of the community to enable them to work and live together in reasonable harmony. The question at issue between "liberals" and indoctrinators thereupon comes to be one of degree as well as of kind. Both set out to indoctrinate to some extent. But how far is indoctrination to go, and what is to be indoctrinated? The liberal holds, on the first point, that indoctrination should go no farther than is absolutely necessary to secure a firm basis for a society in which freedom can flourish within the limitations that the existence of this necessary minimum implies. On the second point, he holds that what should be indoctrinated is a belief in liberty, which implies a tolerance of other people's beliefs up to the point at which their expression becomes incompatible with the existence of society, and a readiness to accept the methods of argument and voting as the arbiters of social change.

In practice, however, the "liberal" creed has to be expressed far more precisely than this. For the amount of indoctrination that this principle permits and requires will vary greatly from time to time and from place to place. Much more will be needed to build up a new system that is in the making than to safeguard an already established system that is working tolerably well. The Russians, facing the colossal task of building a Socialist community in a vast and backward country, are bound to resort to indoctrination far more consciously and extensively than it was resorted to in, say, Victorian England, where no one threatened the basis of the established order. But there is also the case of defending an order that is threatened because it is no longer working well.

That is the position in Great Britain—and in a good many other countries—to-day. The "system" is threatened; and

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OBJECT

To advance the study of and training in citizenship, by which is meant training in the moral qualities necessary for the citizens of a democracy; the encouragement of clear thinking in everyday affairs; and the acquisition of that knowledge of the modern world usually given by means of courses in history, geography, economics, citizenship and public affairs.

METHODS

(1) To collect information as to what is being done in regard to training in citizenship in schools and in other educational institutions, both in the United Kingdom and elsewhere.

(2) To compile bibliographies; to maintain a library of suitable books, and to arrange, where necessary, for the production of new ones.

(3) To compare present methods in training in citizenship and to work out new ones; to suggest courses; to promote discussion in educational conferences, in the press and elsewhere.

(4) To make representations with regard to training in citizenship to bodies having control of education.

(5) To co-operate with the Historical Association, the Geographical Association and other kindred bodies as regards common objects.

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Many associations have been formed, such as the Historical and Geographical Associations, for the purpose of discussing and advancing the study of various subjects. It has not hitherto been thought necessary to form a special association for Education in Citizenship. It was generally felt that a liberal education would automatically provide this.

Of late years, however, there has been wide recognition of the need to train young people far more consciously than we often do to-day for the public duties of citizenship in a democratic state. The reasons for this change are two-fold. To-day the economic problems which a citizen has to face are infinitely complex and difficult; any attempt to grasp the main issues can only be made as a result of systematic study. Secondly, there is the rise of the authoritarian states; the qualities demanded from their citizens are unreflecting devotion and docile obedience. These are being inculcated into the children and young people in schools and by every means of mass propaganda.

If Democracy is to survive, our educational system must produce men and women loving freedom, desiring to serve the community, and equipped with the necessary knowledge and powers of clear thinking.

Many teachers and educationists realise the responsibility that is laid upon them—that it is in the school, the training college, the University and the adult class that the satisfactory working of democratic institutions will be largely determined.

There is already a considerable body of experience of various methods by which a sense of democratic citizenship can be encouraged in the school and elsewhere. This Association hopes to make these methods more widely known and to stimulate and help those who, so far, have done little.

The Association will welcome as members all those who agree with its object and will be grateful if those interested will bring its work to the attention of others.

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a great many people are demanding that education shall rally to its defence. But it is necessary here to draw an important distinction. There are two threatened " systems " in Great Britain. One is Capitalism, threatened with supersession by some form of Socialism. The other is not so easy to state in a word, though many would identify it with parliamentarism. It is, in fact, not parliamentarism, but the established habit of settling differences by argument and voting and not by force, which our parliamentary institutions do to some extent, albeit very imperfectly, embody.

The " liberal " educationist can rightly seek to use the educational system as a means of safeguarding the second of these " systems," but not the first. And he will wreck his chance of using it to save the second if he allows it to be perverted to serve the end of saving the first. This is not to say that Capitalism ought to be superseded by Socialism—that is another issue—but that the question whether it should be superseded or not should be settled by argument and voting, and not by force.

This is the spirit in which we have to approach the development of " civic " education. How it can best be done is discussed in subsequent articles. It involves at any rate two things—the intelligent and open-minded teaching of history against its geographical and economic background, and the making plain of the essential structure both of modern government—international, national and local—and of the social and economic systems in which these forms of government are set. It is clear, further, that both these essential parts of a liberal education ought to start early in the lives of the citizens. All the agencies of voluntary adult education start under a serious handicap, because the school system fails to give a decent grounding in civic education.

One last point. Can the teacher, whatever his good will, really teach these highly controversial subjects in an objective way? My answer, as a teacher of a good many years' standing, is that he can; and I think I can appeal to a good many of my pupils for confirmation. But it must be understood that objectivity does not mean, and cannot mean in this sphere, the suppression of controversial issues. It must mean the statement of them, with an attempt to put opposing cases fairly, and without concealment—indeed, with full and frank avowal—of the teacher's personal bias. Given those conditions, objective statement is possible. Facts can be separated, to a sufficient extent, from opinions about them; and these subjects, so taught, can help immensely towards making the pupil a better master of his own, and society's, fate. This is not to say that objectivity is easy; but with effort it can be achieved, and we must achieve it if society is not to be at the mercy of panic-mongers and demagogues who will " *duce* " and " *führer* " it down a steep place into the sea.

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HISTORY AND "CIVICS"

By B. A. HOWARD

(Headmaster of Addey and Stanhope School, New Cross)

In the ultimate analysis, the right attitude to citizenship turns upon an appreciation of certain facts which in their essence are hardly in dispute, except perhaps by anarchists. Stated briefly, these facts are as follows. We live in an increasingly complex civilisation; no man lives to himself alone, but each depends on his fellows; fundamentally, we live by co-operation with other people, not by antagonism to them. There is in existence a social contract, which no honest man can repudiate unless he is prepared to sacrifice also the gains which come to him through that contract; and hence it is a matter of self-respect to contribute to that common stock from which we cannot help receiving. Applied to the group of people who form a country, this is the root idea of citizenship; applied to the group of people who form the world, it is the root idea of a sane internationalism.

It is true that a boy (or girl) may grasp this idea and still lack much of the knowledge which will help him to become a good citizen. But the germ of citizenship will be within him, and the rest will be comparatively easy; it is only a matter of time. The school's chief contribution to citizenship is to implant this idea. For it needs implanting; it does not grow of itself, and it is by no means immediately obvious. Whether a boy wins a scholarship, or borrows books from a public library, or falls ill and goes to hospital, or even strolls unprotected through the streets of his town at night, his security and his opportunities alike are derived from that Great Society of which he is a member; without the support of that society he would be helpless. But he rarely realises it, because it is no one's specific duty to bring home the implications of the position to him.

To build up in a boy's mind a historical framework in which these, and a hundred similar facts, fall naturally into their place, is the aim of a school course in citizenship. But the framework takes a long time to construct. The teacher has to produce some understanding of the gradual development of human society upon our planet; of the limited range of experience of early races of peoples, of their gradual co-operation to achieve common ends, of the benefits that civilisation brought, and the price that had to be paid for those benefits in the introduction of law; to show law in its ideal function of a liberty-giver, while stressing the fact that it can be made badly and so fail to produce liberty at all—the price of liberty being " eternal vigilance." He has further to point out that, just as the whole history of civilisation has been the replacing of the law of the jungle by the law of public right, so the law of the jungle in international affairs will have to be outgrown before there can be any ordered international life. And it is possible for a teacher to do all this without producing propaganda for a feudal state, or a Fascist state, or a Communist state.

Some people who are interested in the teaching of citizenship in schools feel that something further is needed, something more definite and more practical. They want to see some analysis of the machinery of a modern state; some account of the problems of national and local administration; a study of the functions of the justiciary; a description of the Budget, of the difference between rates and taxes, of the problem of direct and indirect taxation, and so on. As time and opportunity offer, some account of any or all of these is reasonable. Some reference to them is indeed necessary, if the work is not to be left " in the air." But these are not the fundamentally important things. It is possible to contribute materially to the well-being of one's fellows without ever understanding properly the precise functions of, say, a County Council alderman.

Mr. Ford once told us that " history is bunk," and critics with a much closer knowledge of schools have sometimes asserted that the teaching of the details of, say, mediaeval history is, in many cases, a sheer waste of time. It may be; and in unskilful hands no doubt it sometimes is. The teaching of the technical details of " civics " may be as lifeless as the old " history lessons "; it depends on how they are taught and what they are intended to illustrate. To exchange one formalism for another is useless; New Presbyter is but Old Priest writ large.

* * *

So much for the idea that is at the back of citizenship. It remains to consider whose is the primary responsibility for teaching it, how sufficient time is to be found, and what are the most effective ways of making it appeal to our pupils.

No doubt in some respects the history teacher is the most effective agent. Citizenship is, in a sense, applied history and so falls naturally within his province; and he has more knowledge and more opportunity than most of his colleagues for inculcating also two subsidiary ideas, of great indirect importance to citizenship, but too difficult to teach effectively except as the result of a history course extending over a long period. Those ideas are the conception of the past living on in the present and influencing it without (necessarily) determining it, and the conception of human institutions—political, social, educational, religious—as machines for the realisation of human purposes and ideals. But, if the historian is to be an effective teacher of citizenship, he will have to turn over his material from a new angle, and be content to neglect a good deal of what he learned in his honours school. He is not now trying to turn his pupils into historians, but into citizens.

It may be taken for granted that he will object that he has not sufficient time for the work. It is a little habit all teachers have, and indeed external examinations weigh heavily upon all. Some examining bodies are more reasonable in their demands than others; some teachers preparing for the Oxford Higher Certificate, for example, find that they can spare two terms out of six for more general work of this kind without harm to their results; and others find that they can undertake a simplified course of work in the middle school. Such teachers report that what is lost in actual time is more than compensated for by the added keenness with which boys return to their more formal work in history. But the problem of time remains a difficult one, and it is not to be wondered at if historians feel that part of the time should be found elsewhere. This, in fact, is what is done in some schools; for the real answer to the question who is to be responsible for teaching citizenship is: " Any teacher who believes sufficiently in the value of the work to be willing to take a little trouble to acquire the necessary technique."

No one but a teacher is likely to be able to say what are the most effective ways of enlisting the interest of children. Different teachers will approach the work differently; but in some form or another one root principle is likely to underlie all their methods; to make anything real to a child it has to be related as closely as possible to his own experience. Instead of ignoring the wave of everyday experience which washes up against the child, the teacher's task is to seize upon it and utilise it. He relies on that wave to carry him into the citadel of the child's thought.

One or two examples of teaching technique may be given. A common way of starting younger children to think about

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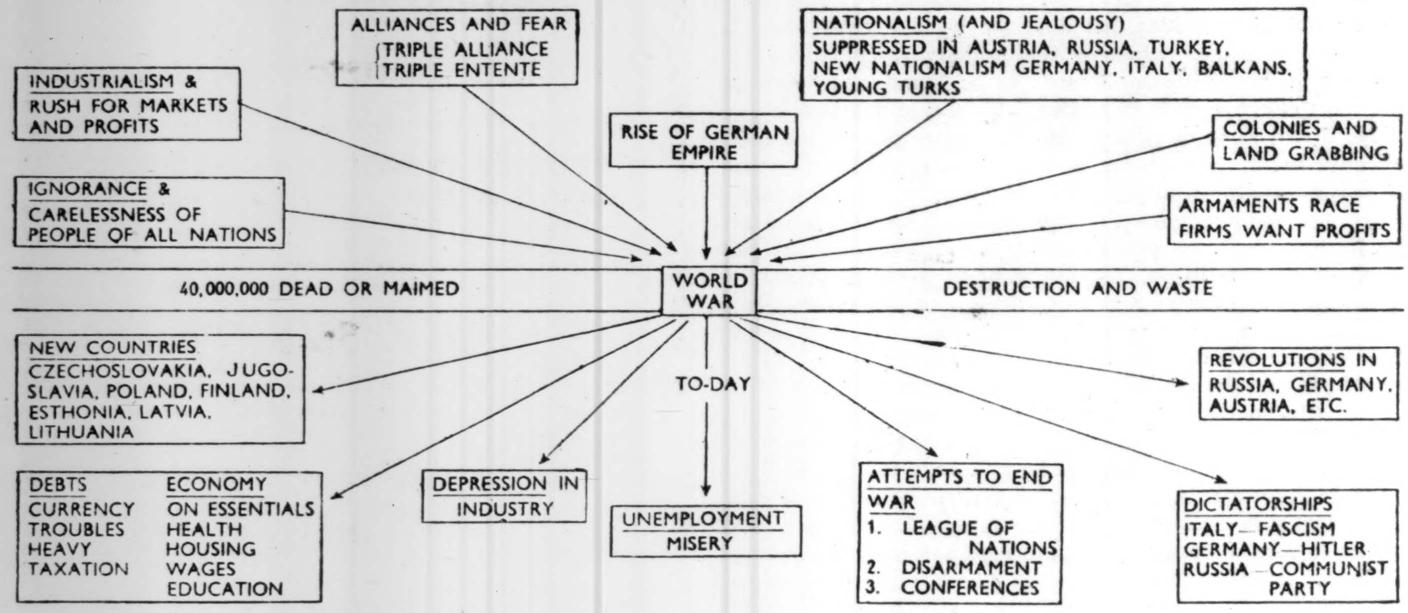
citizenship is to get them to describe the occupations of their fathers; and then to show how all these occupations contribute to the life of the community, and ultimately depend upon each other. (The butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker will all furnish good starting points; the "bookie" is perhaps rather less promising material.)

Another method is to stimulate interest by occasional organised visits and excursions, visits, for example, to the local Town Council, or to the House of Commons. Some schools have even organised visits to the League of Nations Assembly at Geneva; others have improvised school representations of League functions. A school journey to a foreign country may be an admirable method of stimulating interest. All these things are valuable if they lead somewhere; but useless if they do not. In these and other ways much work has been done in finding good practical "jumping off" points; less thought has been expended as to where we are jumping.

With older children much can be done by a discussion of "Current Events"; some schools allot a weekly period to the discussion. But current events can be a snare unless discussed with a teacher who is prepared to dig down into history and show the relation of these events to others. For the events which are current while the pupil is at school will have passed into history by the time he leaves; and even an exhaustive knowledge of, say, the personalities involved in the last shuffle of portfolios in France will not shed much light upon the next problem, which may happen to be the currency affairs of the United States. Snippets of unrelated information are of little value.

One other device, now becoming common in the teaching of history, may be mentioned here, because it might become of special value in the teaching of civics through history. This is the device of taking some event of obvious significance and, with this as a starting point, tracing history backwards as well as forwards. As an illustration merely, here is the scheme of a term's work centred round the World War.*

All summary schemes of this kind tend to be over-simplified and so lend themselves to criticism; taking an example almost at random, the above scheme might create the wrong impression that unemployment is solely due to the war; fortunately the teacher is there to correct the impression. But the value of the method remains.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* Kindly shown to the writer by Mr F. V. Checksfield, of Wolverton School.

CITIZENSHIP THROUGH GEOGRAPHY

By W. O. LESTER SMITH, (Director of Education, Manchester)

IN one of his "Fallodon Papers," the late Lord Grey discusses Representative Government and observes that of all forms of polity our own is the best from the individual's standpoint because it cherishes the "asset of personal liberty" more than any other. He then proceeds to consider how our own democracy, as the best of its type, can be "strengthened and improved," and he concludes that its essential need is education of a kind that will create a sound public opinion. Here I propose to indicate in what way geographical teaching to-day is helping to prepare the mind of the younger generation for the kind of world in which it will live and vote; and as space is limited I will confine myself to what it is doing to shape public opinion about foreign affairs. What, for example, is it doing about the League of Nations? About two years ago, the Board of Education prepared a report upon "The Instruction of the Young in the Aims and Achievements of the League of Nations."

> "The approach," the Preface states, "to the teaching of a subject like that of the aims and achievements of the League is necessarily cautious. Direct or dogmatic methods might arouse the opposition of the parent, and in some cases the resistance of the pupil who, in this country, is reserved about giving any outward expression to his convictions."

The Report itself reveals that, with characteristic diversity of method, there is a large volume of education upon the aims and achievements of the League of Nations in the schools, and everyone familiar with English education will agree that both in and out of school hours, on corporate occasions and by individual study, the schools in making known the work of the League are doing a great work for international goodwill. Undoubtedly the most effective work is that done naturally in the class-rooms, for when "League Instruction," as it has been termed, falls within the curriculum as part of the normal syllabus, children appreciate in a way not otherwise possible that the League of Nations is not some abnormal excrescence, but an integral part of our system of government. I do not intend to suggest that it is not a suitable subject for the school on corporate occasions, but rather to stress the view that it is no less for that reason the concern of the normal curriculum. The abnormalities of school life tend to produce reactions, and, like Christmas pudding and simnel cakes, can be indigestible. The progress of the study of world citizenship depends largely upon how far teachers succeed in finding it a place in their syllabuses and upon what that place is. Since opinion appears to be strongly against its inclusion as a separate subject, the question resolves itself into its incorporation into existing subjects of the curriculum or, more correctly, the assumption by one or more of those subjects of an international bias.

The growing tendency of the geographer at the present time to introduce this bias is one of the most hopeful signs that has yet appeared of a satisfactory method of forming an internationally minded citizenship. The tendency is natural and unforced. The teaching is not extra to the curriculum; nor does it rely for its creation of international outlook upon pamphlets, occasional talks in the assembly hall, or an exceptional share of the school notice board. It is a movement of the class-room and is an unstrained evolution of geographical method. In a paper written last year by Mr. Donald Gray on the teaching of geography, he puts the position as follows:

> Hitherto geography has tended to stop after physical and economic questions have been dealt with. Only very recently has the political and cultural side begun to receive adequate treatment under such teachers as Professor Fleure of Manchester. The interdependence of nations in trade is obvious, but respect for our neighbours will be assured by recounting their contributions to civilisation as well as to the trade of the world.

The movement is strong in many elementary and secondary schools, and, where it flourishes, the geography room is not only a hive of intellectual activity but also a miniature Chatham House in which information about world affairs, pictorial, statistical and literary, is carefully docketed and readily obtainable.

Outside the class-room the most valuable ally of the geography teacher is undoubtedly travel. As John Locke advocated the grand tour for the young ruling classes of his aristocratic age, so should we urge forward the well-prepared school journey and the interchange of teachers as essential parts of the educational system from which our young citizens derive their philosophy. At present travel and interchanges are incidental, a sort of extra arranged only "by special request," but it seems likely that they will become, in time, a regular feature of everyone's education and of every teacher's training. It is encouraging to note that, in 1931, over 60,000 British children travelled under the auspices of the School Journey Association, of whom 10,000 appear to have visited Europe or gone even further afield.

A word may usefully be said as to the danger of introducing international relations as a separate subject in the schools. Enthusiasm may encourage some in that direction, but not if they reason it out. In the first place, let them remember that in the hands of any but a profound student of foreign affairs—a Wickham Steed or A. E. Zimmern—it can become a most arid theme, a medley of petty detail about constitutions, assemblies and treaties. In like manner, it can relapse into the other extreme, an abstract study lacking that reality which children demand. On the other hand, there can be no question that, in efficient geography class-rooms, pupils are to-day receiving an education which gives them an insight into world problems almost as sure as the knowledge which pupils of an earlier generation had of Caesar's exploits. We may know more about the Gallic wars than they ever will, but they, in their turn, will not share our ignorance of Central and Eastern Europe, they will know why China and Japan are unfriendly, they will understand the implications of a White Australia, they will be alive to the significance of the Monroe Doctrine in the New World, and they will realise, as we do not, the mighty significance of an awakening Africa. Such knowledge must, at least, help to stimulate an intelligent public opinion in international affairs, and it should tend to give the nation balance in times of international stress. It is premature to speculate as to whether far-reaching consequences may evolve from it, but, if this new learning through geography should ever permeate the class-rooms of the world, civilisation will be much better equipped for that "last ascent" which Kant declared mankind could only hope to climb after "a long and intensive education of the spirit for all citizens in every country."

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BROADCASTING AND EDUCATION

By STEPHEN KING-HALL

It is generally recognised that if democratic control of government is to survive in these days of growing state intervention in the affairs of an increasingly complex world there is an urgent need for education in citizenship. The electorate must not only be placed in possession of the points at issue, but must be trained to form a considered judgment based upon the qualitative, as well as the quantitative, value of evidence. Two thousand years have elapsed since the days when the simple problems of the Greek City State were expounded in the market place to an electorate so small that it could be brought within the compass of a single human voice. Those two thousand years have brought a vast increase both in the complexity of the issues and in the size of the audience; but they have also brought a modern solution of modern problems. With the advent of the microphone the world has shrunk again to the limits of the market place.

Certain general conditions must be fulfilled before the broadcast can play its proper part; these conditions are equally applicable whether one is considering "education" for adults or children. First, the broadcasting authority must be independent of sectional control; secondly, educational broadcasts, whilst being objective in their approach to the subject, must be interesting, otherwise the listener will switch off. This means that the broadcaster must combine intellectual integrity with a sense of "entertainment value." Thirdly, the broadcasting authority must be selective and capable of making a reasonably good choice as to which issues amongst so many should be laid before the public.

The most direct influence of broadcasting on the child is that exercised by the school talks. The extent of school broadcasting is not much known. To take a specific subject, such as history, how many people realise that well over a thousand elementary schools are now registered as following broadcast courses in history, and that the number of such schools is increasing steadily, notwithstanding the technical and financial difficulties of obtaining good sets? Local education authorities are often inclined to roll their eyes at an expenditure of £10 for this purpose. Nevertheless, the increasing popularity of the wireless history courses, although they increase substantially the burden of work on the teacher, proves that when teachers find something they believe to be of educational value they are not easily to be prevented from obtaining it.

A word as to the organisation which promotes this broadcasting activity. The B.B.C. is not, technically speaking, an educational body, so it places its resources at the disposal of a Council known as the Central Council for School Broadcasting. This Council represents the central and local educational authorities and the various branches of the teaching profession. The details of the nineteen weekly courses* are planned by sub-committees on each of which there is a majority of teachers from the listening schools. This detailed work includes the editing of the remarkably well-illustrated pamphlets which accompany each course, and sell for *2d.*, in quantities which would make the average publisher gasp.

These sub-committees constitute, in effect, an educational staff at the disposal of the Schools Department. The detailed and essential co-operation needed between the sub-committees, with their practical knowledge of the needs of the schools, and the Schools Department, with its knowledge of broadcasting technique and its great resources of broadcast material, is centred in the person of Miss Mary Somerville, who combines the office of Secretary to the Central Council for School Broadcasting with that of Director of the Schools Department. The remarkable progress of broadcasting in school life owes much to her energy and imagination, and to the enthusiasm of her staff.

Secondly, and far more important, there is the teacher. The ultimate responsibility lies with the teacher. The broadcaster is *not* a teacher. He or she is simply a person with special knowledge and experience which, through the medium of broadcasting, is placed at the disposal of the teacher and the class. Viewed from this aspect the broadcaster is a tool which the teacher can and should manipulate. In my own work at the microphone I never weary of insisting that I am not a teacher, that it is my business to lay certain facts and, maybe, some conclusions—preferably alternative conclusions—on the table, and that the triangular process in which the class, the teacher and myself are engaged is not complete until my remarks have been discussed and debated. This is often, I fear, a counsel of perfection, for school time-tables are overcrowded and over the school hangs the dark shadow of examinations, whilst the subjects in which I trade are not much loved by examiners. Nevertheless, evidence is accumulating that the vital importance of a "follow-up" to a school broadcast talk is being appreciated to an increasing extent.

The history course already mentioned falls into three groups: (*a*) World History; (*b*) Tracing History Backwards, and (*c*) The Social Background of British History. Broadly speaking these courses are intended for varying age groups. That on World History, for children from 13–15. The Tracing History Backwards course (in which a speaker deals with a current problem such as, for example, "Unemployment," and is followed a week later by a talk on unemployment in the past) is a course particularly intended for those just leaving elementary schools and approaches history less as an academic study than as a subject which has a close connection with the hard realities of after-school life. The Social Background course is for younger children, and by means

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* For particulars, see the Annual Programme of Broadcasts to Schools, published by the B.B.C.

of such devices as "Dramatic Interludes" the children are shown that such prosaic phrases in their text-books as "1832, Reform Bill," conceal a series of events which affected the lives of their great-great-grandparents as profoundly as the Unemployment Act of 1934 affects their parents and, to some extent, themselves.

Before we attempt to estimate the consequences of this revolution it is worth noticing that—as any broadcaster to schools knows from his correspondence—a vast adult audience tunes in to "Schools" and the fact that these listeners play truant from age and surreptitiously slip back to school suggests that they wish their school-days had included a loud speaker amongst the paraphernalia of the classroom. There is another reason why many "grown-ups" find it expedient to listen in to schools. Children ask questions, awkward questions. Worse still, the voice from the loud speaker sometimes says: "When you get home discuss this with your parents before you make up your mind as to whether. . . ." A recent letter from a teacher told me that her class had reported in shocked tones that not *one* of their parents had been clear as to the meaning of the term "invisible export." I am afraid I was guilty of causing this exposure of parental nakedness.

That hundreds of thousands listen, that the schools are taking the courses in ever-increasing numbers, that an efficient organisation exists to attend to school broadcasts, are established facts, but what is it all leading to? What social consequences may we expect from these events? School broadcasts have not yet been going long enough to enable any definite comparisons to be drawn between present and past. Some may say that the consequences of school broadcasts will be to make a mass mind. But having admitted this danger, we are left with the fact that through the broadcast talks to schools the children and their teachers make a contact with the outer world and with a variety of minds which it would be utterly impossible for them to obtain in any other manner. The school broadcast talk brings the child in the rural school into direct relationship with Mr. Baldwin defending democracy. It could—and if I had my way it would—bring that same child into a similar relationship with Mr. Lansbury on Socialism and Sir Oswald Mosley defending Fascism, and Mr. Pollitt or Mr. Tom Mann making the case for Communism. The broadcast to schools can and does help the child to understand the very real existence of the wide world of whose actual extent he can see so little from the narrow rut in which the individual has to wend his way. For example, the Rural Economy talks cover such "*subjects*" as History, Geography and Economics. I put "*subjects*" into italics because the general effect of the broadcast talks is to show that life does not present itself in the form of "subjects," notwithstanding the appearance of the time-table. A new course on Rural Environment will tell children in the town how rural England lives; the Biology and Hygiene talks are designed to awaken the minds of children to the need of proper feeding and living, to the claims of sunlight, fresh air and cleanliness.

* * *

So far, I have only been writing of broadcasting as it affects the children in school. The "Children's Hour" at 5.15 p.m. (17.15!) needs an article to itself, but those who follow these daily programmes will not have failed to notice that since Derek McCulloch has been in charge of this department, the Children's Hour is becoming a "young" edition of the more serious subjects presented to adult listeners. This change has taken place in response to a demand from the children themselves, for the Children's Hour department runs a ballot of subjects once every six months. During the "Children's Hour" I have broadcast 176 successive weekly talks on current political and economic problems under the title, "Here and There." Some months ago I asked the children to give me their opinion as to whether they preferred to hear about current events or what they call "ordinary history." Three hundred and twenty-two carefully considered replies were received and analysed; mere "Yes's"

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and "No's" were ignored. The inquiry was suddenly sprung on the children at the end of a talk and no special effort was made to obtain replies. The area covered ranged from the Orkneys to the Scilly Islands, with a sprinkling from France, Belgium and Holland. It would be dangerous to draw any definite conclusions from only 300 replies, but it is interesting to note that from this sample the following facts emerge:

Age limits: 7 to 17. 50 per cent. under 11; 86 per cent. under 14.

Choice of subject: 70 per cent. pro-modern; 12 per cent. pro-past; 18 per cent. for a mixture with emphasis on the present.

As regards the reasons given by the children for their preference, the following notes may be of interest. Nineteen children felt that the past was past, "and could not be helped" . . . "We have to live now." Many said, "We need to know the present to help us in our careers," or words to that effect . . . "History and geography should be taught together" . . . "Knowledge of the past has never prevented statesmen making mistakes" . . . "We want to know about industrial progress" . . . "All knowledge of history will die out if we are not taught it at school" . . . "Present history would be better but impossible, for it would mean exposing the oppression of our Government and the rôle with the League." (Age 10.)

The following quotations from individual replies are typical:

> I am thirteen, and I have studied history from Julius Caesar to George IV, but have never gone farther than that.
>
> Although I am seventeen years old I have never had a history lesson dealing with any event later than 1815 A.D.
>
> At my school, directly we get up to Charles II we go back to "The Norman Kings" again. (Age 10.)
>
> Nowadays . . . would be more interesting than about the Ancient Britons. (Age 10.)
>
> . . . it is highly impracticable (*sic*) to teach children the details of the many and various marriages of Henry VIII. . . . (Age 15.)
>
> I get fed up with Henry VIII, etc. (Age 10.)
>
> . . . When we grow up, to know the date of the battle of Hastings and the date of the execution of Charles I, etc., will not be as useful to us as to know the work of the League of Nations. (Age 12.)
>
> We don't want to know whether Rome was built on seven hills or not, or if Caesar invaded Britain. We want to know what is happening in Parliament.
>
> We want more of present-day events and less of "past glories." (Age 13.)
>
> We do not want to know what happened to the kings of years ago. We are anxious to know of what is happening in the world to-day. (Age 10.)
>
> As long as examiners . . . ask people to "name the King who defied the sea" or to tell "the year in which Cabot discovered Newfoundland," history will have to be learnt well. (Age 16.)
>
> I like learning old history, but if we are to choose between one or other, I would choose nowaday's history. But in our school we are taught both. . . . Our school belongs to the League of Nations Union . . . not long ago we held a League Model Assembly. (Age 13.)

Broadcasting, like all great discoveries, can be used for good or evil, but it is my conviction that in this new thing we have a tool which, if intelligently employed, can do more than anything else to equip the younger generation for their duties of citizenship in the complex world of to-day and to-morrow. So far as the schools are concerned, one of the chief obstacles to their equipment with wireless sets is finance. Half a million sterling would do the trick. Here is a chance for someone who combines a fat bank balance with a lively imagination. I will conclude with a prophecy. It is, that as a result of broadcasting the newspaper reader of the next generation will demand something very different from the appalling trash which nightly leaves certain parts of Fleet Street. The great public of the future will take its newspapers seriously, and the compliment will have to be reciprocated. It is not impossible that the great public might start reading the weekly papers.

EDUCATION FOR DEMOCRACY

By SIR ERNEST SIMON

DEMOCRACY is in danger. It is at least possible that we may lose the liberties for which Englishmen have been fighting ever since King John was forced to sign Magna Carta at Runnymede 700 years ago. On the whole, there has been since that time the necessary "eternal vigilance" to ensure progress towards freedom and self-government, and away from the kind of government which prevailed before Magna Carta, when, as the *Morning Post* said of the recent pageant, "We see King John vividly, pulling the beards of the Irish; pulling the teeth of the Jews (to balance his Budget); cheating a brother; murdering a nephew; hanging his Welsh hostages. . . ."

The post-war dictators in Europe are proving themselves apt pupils of King John. But in one direction they have revolutionised his methods. The Fascist follows his leader towards a mystic goal of glory for the Fatherland; the Fascist programme of action, of discipline and uniforms and militarism, has a powerful appeal to the idealism and ardour of youth. Instead of governing solely by violence, the Fascist governs also by setting up a new ideal of service and self-sacrifice; and these ideals are instilled into his followers by every means of education and mass propaganda with great ability, with complete disregard of the truth, and with a degree of success which is deeply disturbing to believers in liberty and self-government.

It is true that this propaganda has little effect on those Englishmen who take an interest in public affairs and have some knowledge of the history and traditions of their country; witness the almost unanimous indignation in Parliament against the Fascist methods at the recent Olympia meeting. Even so Right Wing an organ as the *Morning Post*, deprecating the use of violence, says: "There would seem to be no harm in reminding a too oblivious nation of King John, and Magna Carta, and the island of Runnymede."

But how many of our citizens are thoughtful in this sense? How many have some intelligent interest in public affairs, some knowledge of the history of civilisation, of how man came to be what he is and to think and act as he does? How many even know so much as can be learnt from reading H. G. Wells' great trilogy on history, science, and economics—which can be read in a few weeks and provide much of the necessary background for intelligent citizenship? Very few indeed. The majority know nothing and care little about the meaning of freedom or parliamentary government. They are vaguely in favour of it because it exists, but with no understanding and no conviction. It is not unusual to find even a university-educated scientist who will tell you that science has taught him to be critical, that he has no belief whatever in the press or in politicians, that all he knows about politics is that it is a complex and difficult job; he is an expert in science and does not understand politics, which he is quite certain ought to be left not to politicians but to "experts." He does not know the rudiments of the history of our struggle for freedom, he has no idea how parliamentary government has developed, nor what it means. He cares nothing about liberty, except liberty to pursue his own particular vocation. As a citizen he is uneducated and unfit to vote.

Why does Fascism spread in Europe in spite of its contradictions? Why is faith in democracy weak and uncertain?

Partly at least because Fascists regard it as their first task to teach their faith with passion and conviction; democrats still make the assumption, justified twenty years ago, totally erroneous now, that a liberal education is enough; that somehow it will produce competent citizens of a democratic state.

Experience has now proved this to be untrue; men educated to understand the modern world and the history of mankind are immune against the Fascist virus, those educated only for culture or vocation may succumb with little resistance. If democracy is to be saved our teachers must consciously and deliberately aim at the education of citizens.

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Even if this be admitted, the objection is often made that the modern world is so complex and difficult that the ordinary citizen cannot hope to understand it, and that we must therefore abandon democracy, and leave government to dictators or experts. But this is only another objection of ignorance. Nobody suggests that the ordinary voter in a democratic state should understand the currency question; it is doubtful whether two members of the Cabinet or twenty members of Parliament do so; it is certain that no dictator understands it; that is not the kind of person from whom dictators are made. Such questions can only be understood by experts. As it happens, we have the best experts in the world; our civil service is unrivalled; indeed, the production of experts, able, honest and devoted, is perhaps the greatest success of our educational system understood in the broadest sense.

But excellent as our civil servants are, they are totally unfitted to govern; they know their own specialised jobs, they are often ignorant of the lives of ordinary human beings. Government can only be carried on by those who specialise in it, that is, by politicians. And politicians can only govern in a democracy as public opinion allows them. The task before our teachers is to educate two groups, the voter or rank and file, and the politician or leader, corresponding roughly to the elementary and secondary school respectively.

What are the qualities we can reasonably expect the ordinary voter to have? He should have an informed opinion on the broad issues of policy. There is to-day an effective public opinion in this country in favour of peace as against war, and of the abolition of poverty and the slums. The anti-slum campaign which has been carried on by Government after Government since the war is an expression of public opinion. But this is not enough. The voter should have learnt the advantages, and the possibilities of improvement, of parliamentary government, as against the government of King John, and should realise that, if parliamentary government is to be a success, the politician is the most important person in the country and that failure to elect the best men as political leaders and to respect and follow them is a failure of democracy. Surely it is not beyond the powers of our educational system, especially if the school age is raised to fifteen or sixteen and followed by a good deal of adult education, to enable the mass of our citizens to learn not to be humbugged by the newspapers, to form steady, sensible opinions on the broad issues of policy.

The task before the secondary schools and universities is the education of leaders. It is to be hoped that before long the pupils will normally remain at the secondary school till the age of eighteen; the years from sixteen to eighteen are the most fertile for teaching citizenship. Some schools to-day send out their boys and girls at eighteen with a general knowledge both of modern affairs and of the history of mankind, with an active interest in the world of to-day, so equipped that at least the majority are anxious to grow into effective citizens of democracy, and well fitted to do so.

But this is true only of some schools whose staffs have taken a special interest in citizenship. In many the subject is neglected or ignored; many have not yet realised the importance of the direct and conscious teaching of citizenship, both through the curriculum and through the organisation of the whole life of the school. It is not necessary to introduce a special subject called "civics"; in many schools the work is done excellently through the existing subjects. History, geography, English, scripture—even arithmetic—can all be used as excellent means of teaching citizenship! The essential thing is that the aim of educating citizens should be constantly in the mind of the teacher.

The future of democracy may depend on the speed with which the best kind of teaching of citizenship spreads through the whole teaching body. In order to find out the best that is being done, and to make it easily accessible to all teachers, the Association for Education in Citizenship has been founded. Will anybody willing to join the Association, or to help in other ways, communicate with the hon. secretary, Mrs. Hubback, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

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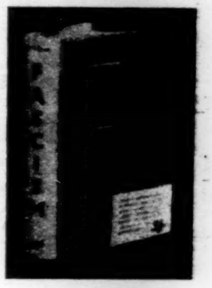

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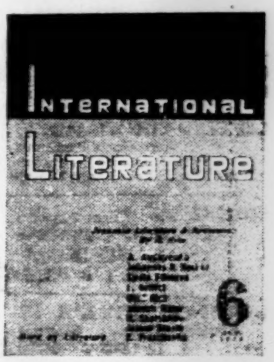

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